This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

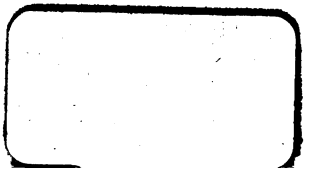
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

3 3433 07490611 0



Sir J. T. Duckworth is requested by the writer to do her the honor of accepting these volumes.

see volume 1st — page. 164
volume 2nd — — 62, 71, 72, 86, 172, 208, 213, 224, 225, 226, 227.

The second Ed.n 1833. with additions ran to 6 vols. see Smith's Bib.a Cantiana Pages 93 & 289.

The authoress was the daughter of John Thorpe the Kent Historian and married Cuthbert Potts a surgeon of Pall Mall & Lettingbourne. He died Nov. 10. 1825 at 82.

The 2nd Ed. was illustrated and had copies of portraits of J.n Thorpe sen.r & Junior which were the frontispiece to the Registrum & Custumale Roffense.

The whole collection is remarkable for its ineptitude.

MOONSHINE.

A kind of hobbling prose
That limps along, and tinkles in the close.

DRYDEN.

Those who attempt nothing themselves, think every thing easily performed, and consider the unsuccessful always as criminal.

JOHNSON.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

By Rhedelinda Margaretta Potts.

VOL. I.

1st Edn

London:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN,
PATERNOSTER ROW.

1814.

NCM

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
291647B
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
1944

J. G. BARNARD,
Skinner-street, London.

DEDICATION.

DEAR CHILDREN,

TO AUGMENT

YOUR FONDNESS FOR YOUR BROTHER,

TO YOU, BEHOLD HIM SENT,

BY ME, YOUR LOVING

MOTHER.

TO THE STRANGER.

TO THE STRANGER,

WHO says of me as a great Critic did of a certain Historian, "That he sat down to tell the world, what the world had been telling him," I must beg leave to reply, that seriously speaking, I cannot think I have any thing to do with the world: on this head I shall explain myself through the assistance of a celebrated, though on points foreign to the present, a pernicious Writer, who amongst other arguments, by which he hoped to escape the charge of authorship, declares himself guiltless of all such *traffic*, and that it was necessary for his friends to read him in more legible characters than those of his own hand-writing, though perhaps in more than the last excuse, our publication may resemble his Lordship's; if, after all, we stand convicted of the crime of authorship, i. e. Vanity, we shall support ourselves under such censure,

by reflecting, that the most inoffensive characters are, in this age, little affected by that imputation, which in the last appeared so formidable even in the eye of a Shaftesbury. I do not, however, mean to represent myself as importuned by my friends to publish, for the utmost that Truth will allow me to boast, is, that their fondness would not allow them to throw a damp on any project which afforded employment to such an invalid. I flatter myself, nevertheless, that they* will be repaid by being thus acquainted with many ideas and occurrences, which would but have interrupted the precious moments of conversation; such of my enemies† as may condescend to

---

* Montaigne says, that "Those of whom no body will speak, if they do not speak of themselves, are to be excused, if they do take courage and talk of themselves, to such as are concerned to know them."

† I must entreat the Stranger, should he become acquainted with my connexions, not to imagine that enemies are glanced at by any thing in the following pages; for though it was impossible but that in remarks on a variety of books, and incidents, observations would sometimes appear to approach their foibles, or situations, I have in these cases most studiously avoided all personality.

peruse these pages, will be sufficiently entertained by innumerable errors; and as to yourself, Gentle Stranger, I no sooner recollected that they could fall into your hands, and that in the course of years, you might even *pay* for my amusement, than I corrected (so little being done this way, must be accounted for, by "the Message from Truth,") and erased, in hopes of becoming more tolerable: considering then, that the only disagreeable part of my Work, has been undertaken on your account, if you can procure no other book, I advise your being content with this; but, as it is probable that you admire field-sports, as much as you disdain field-flowers; in that case you will be unable to take my advice, if so, take a nap, which will be hastened by those parts of the volume that don't awaken your wrath, by decrying your favourite pursuits. On the contrary, should your displeasure arise from seeing objects you admire so *poorly* treated, know that it was from the want of every other relief in a solitude of five years, during which, my pen was often employed on the most unhappy

business, I was tempted to try it on the following subjects.

That the rest of your *lot* may be found so valuable, as to convince you, that this Bagatelle was thrown into the bargain, is the wish with which I conclude myself, Gentle Stranger,

Your most obedient,

and devoted

Servant.

PREFACE.

As prefaces are seldom read,
We shall to our's commit,
What of the present Muse is said,
And this way shew our wit:
The Muse's name beg'd for a rhyme,
Or wont of one, that may express;
(Pray make a note of this in time,)
The versifier's Patroness.

THE HUMBLE THISTLE.

THO' here we do not see the mowers,
Behold their way described by flowers
In fading wreaths upon the plain;
From this remark can we refrain?
When 'mid the ruin dealt around,
One plant remains without a wound,
Where is the scythe that cuts so low?
The humble thistle still might blow,
But that 'ere this, the flower lay dead;
And 'scaping* critics we unread.

THE VISIT.

'TWAS just as I had wrote "Wood Sorrel,"
A dame appear'd, who would not quarrel;
Her name, if any wish to know,
In hieroglyphics this may shew:

* It is to be hoped that we shall escape those ill-natured critics mentioned by the translator of Montaigne's Essays, who, without regard to truth, boldly censures the most innocent expressions, when they think they can represent them to others in a criminal light.

Plain silks are by this matron worn,
Tho' not her taste, because they'll turn;
Starch'd is her kerchief as her mien,
That it may keep the longer clean;
A few gray hairs are stretch'd up strait,
As the exactly measur'd plait,
Which does her countenance surround,
In that alone some puckers found,
Which deepen'd as she cast a look
Upon the plant-polluted book.
When those trite compliments were over,
Of which this lady is a lover,
Thus copying the sweet urbanity
Because that, (here a little vanity)
The boorish language, "downright dunce,"
Had spoilt our conference at once.
"My dear," says Prudence, you'll affront
The multitude who shoot and hunt,
Whether 'tis stags or butterflies,
The angler too: some Miss may rise,
With "O the poor attempt, 'tis heinous,
"To steal Sterne's whim * without his genius:
"That whim by which she shall require,
"Her friends to supperless retire,
"Rather than hear the fatten'd fish
"Expiring in its pearly dish.

* See Sterne, respecting the peace and preservation of Brutes and Insects.

" To vex her, Luxury go tell,
" How often by the gaping shell,
" Like Vesta's priestess, sits each dame,
" To anxiously watch o'er the flame."
I cry, here Nature's plan is marr'd,
The oyster's * rack † was meant its guard;
In various instances we find,
Something like this amongst mankind.
Then Prudence thus: " You know 'tis said
By sages, both alive and dead,
Females who exercise the pen
Themselves, are idlers deem'd by men.
For while they this but badly do,
How shall they make good cates and sew?
In short each duty is neglected,
Where'er we find the Muse protected;
To whom for charms while woman trusts,
Th' exterior causes but disgusts;

---

* " Instead of being destitute of all sensation, oysters are capable of deriving knowledge from experience. When removed from situations which are constantly covered with the sea, devoid of experience, they open their shells, lose their water, and die in a few days. But, when taken from similar situations, and laid down in places from which the sea occasionally retires, they feel the effects of the sun's rays, or of the cold air, or perhaps apprehend the attacks of enemies, and accordingly learn to keep their shells close till the tide returns." Page 222, vol. i. Smellie.

† We will not shock our readers' humanity by pointing out the propriety of this phrase.

A star that's fallen from its sphere,
Trac'd by destruction every where,
Should we allow, that most uncommon
Her talent this way, for a woman.
Thro' want of classic education,
And with the world free circulation,
Women e'en coxcombs shall excel,
But we'll admit, there are write well;
Let such write on—tho' then (too true)
The fable of the Bat may do."
Prudence here paus'd for my reply.
" In the first place, good Madam, I
Am happy in her humblest shape,
Should Nature cruelty escape
Once, thro' these lines, which little can
Do towards the benefit of man.
And in the next, you will confess,
Dear to the female heart is dress.
Where shall we meet that infant head,
Which bows not to Morocco's red?
'Ere long the conscious glance we find,
Steals to those tresses in the wind.
Fancy suspecting, at sixteen
Nature alone shall charm, if seen,
Begins to exercise those powers,
She brings from artificial bowers;
The rose and pink unite with laces,
T' enchain for her the wond'ring graces.
A more chaste fancy, from the dove,
Will beg its hue, to lure a love.

In age what woman but shall pray,
To Taste, for one enlivening ray
O'er cypruses and raven gray.*
From sorrow, poverty, disease,
And foes, that well may rank with these,
Proceed those little negligences
To the Muse, reckon'd as offences.
To females, who can doubt by Heaven
Their brightest blaze of glory given,
Is from the social fireside
Where household angels† they abide?
Yet may a simple muse so aid
The lonely widow, or the maid,
That these to sit on reputations
Shall never fly to their relations,
Who big with family affair,
Such visits well enough could spare.
Nay more, this Muse may save from ills,
Call'd honour's debts, and Balsam's bills.
Can Hope, who banish'd care and strife,
From clouds and tempest shelter life?
'Tis then that canvas we display
Tho' coarse, some comfort on our way.
Let us conclude our tedious page,
By this short turn upon the stage.
In certain scenes, a harmless song,
May to the woman's part belong."

* Gauzes and silks worn in mourning.

† Lady Steel was one of those, as appears from the dedication to the Ladies' Library.

RHYME.

YES I have thought, aye, many a time,
How very odd a thing is rhyme.*
Yet few there are but shake their foot,
Till quite unconscious that they do't:
Or push'd by Frolic down a hill
Preserve the power of standing still.
"It is a knack, it is a trick,"
Stern Wisdom cries, "to make one sick;"
Yes, 'tis us little folks to teaze,
You will have doggrel a disease.
And verily I found it so,
As I informed you long ago,
Of my relapse on opening papers, †
From which my brain was fill'd with vapours;
Tho' your prescription boldly dashes
With "the preventative is ashes."
'Twere dangerous; thence a gosling might
In elegiac form take flight.

---

* I think it is Sheridan, who says, that "Homer and Milton would not be read if rhyme did not exist." Perhaps from a fine taste being requisite to relish poetry, the million, not being able to acquire it, would, if rhyming were abolished, be robbed of an innocent pleasure, which is on a par with their judgment.

† From amongst which those marked with an asterism were taken, since the writing of which, I had not written twenty lines in as many years.

TO MY PEN.

COME then my pen, tho' you have done
Me harm, perhaps with more than one:
And hear what liberty I now
To thee poor simple thing, allow,
To bring a little pleasure home,
You may along with Fancy roam,
Playing in daisied mead you'll find,
Or 'neath the earliest shade* reclin'd;
Endeavouring there to drag along
Thro' pithless things, the moral song.
But stay, thou most presumptuous elf,
Take shame abundant to thyself,
Shall stubborn Vice her ear incline,
To such a feeble voice as thine?
No, to some pious seer is given
Such tasks, and by the hand of Heaven.

DR. YOUNG.

THAT Pegasus must droop, poor thing,
Who shall receive upon his wing
Only the chilling breath of Night;†
He that would soar must meet the light.

---

* The Elder Tree.

† From this remark is derived the propriety of the title given to these pages; for, with a few exceptions, they were composed in the *night*, beside that a comparison holds between them, and that medium through which objects are generally but indistinctly perceived, and its whole brightness is borrowed, as their piety

Yet you allow, arriv'd at fame
One who so lov'd the swarthy dame,
Beside her ebon broom-stick long
He kept, to sing a plaintive song.

TRUTH'S MESSAGE.

BUT my friend, "I will alter what's found most amiss."
I cried, when from Truth, Father Time brought me this.
So rapid the pool of your brain in collecting
Insignificant matter, don't think of correcting.
Because there's a trifle Truth wills you aware on,
Soon the bearer brings death, at whose heels follows Charon.
And when in his boat, with deplorable look
'Tis amongst other things "I would finish my book."
For such we assure you the song many sing,
Who have spent all their life in but plucking a wing,
Thro' absence of mind, (that strong trait in your bard:
We guess while the bird they are treating thus hard)
Such, believe that the flight of a slave they retard,
For 'tis readily granted that many of these,
Had Time at command to use just as they please.

---

and morality is so much better inculcated by abler pens, the best part of my little volume can be no acquisition to the stranger, yet to him I give no cause of complaint, who knew that he was parting with his money for Moonshine.

THE REMONSTRANCE.

Friend.—That nature you admire, we believe,
But let not vanity my friend deceive.
Good numbers grace a subject, who denies,
But paltry rhymes are only a disguise.
When by the Indian to some famished crew,
Is borne the cargo of his swift canoe,
He, Yancazinga, thinking still on you,
Of useful arts but sparingly partakes,
And his chief barter to surprise thee, makes
When next you meet him by the plantain grove,
To flay the spotted elk, and hear of love:
Then glass and tin deform those fine turn'd arms,
While ribbons fly officious to such charms
Destroy, as hover round the royal head,
Where, till this day, the pearl alone had shed
Its lively contrast o'er that jetty tress
Which flows the half of Yancazinga's dress.
Her bells too, Europe sends to check the sound,
Of such a voice as might her warriors wound,
Or charm them to remain on Americ's ground.

Answer.—Your simile must fail when it is said
That —— knows how poor the offering made.
Turn to that day when on the world she peeps,
And emulating woman early creeps
To Fashion, who at war with Health, and Taste,
Gave the wide capital and slender waist

Of dust* and cobweb† then compos'd her pow'rs,
'Twas amongst these that —— kill'd some hours;
This season over, she on Cambria throws
The kersey, wove but to divert her woes.
Friend.—I cannot now examine by what right
Cambria is made your doll, and so good-night.

SHENSTON'S WISH.

If you who well could wake the lyre,
Wish'd thine but one good song,
Presumption must to my desire,
Which one line bounds belong.

Tho' here another stifled hope
To swell the frightful heap;
I'll sing, with many a sister mope,
That so we may not weep. ‡

Methinks Johanna that your strain
Was similar to this,

---

* Hair powder.

† Gauze.

‡ "Half the volumes that have been written, have been refuges from uneasiness of heart, says Dr. Young, in his Estimate of Human Life; and I think, when mentioning the languors of old age, he says, we are thus preserved from many little anxieties, from that tedium vitæ which often hangs so heavy on our evening hours, adding, "May not this insinuate some apology for my spilling ink, and spoiling paper, so late in life."

When by thy triumph over pain,
You gave a monarch bliss.

Yet how capricious his request,*
Which Nature's claim denies.
"Then why by thee thy tears supprest,"
In pity to my eyes.

THE MANUSCRIPT JUST BOUND.

Fit boon for Vanity to give;
These feathers (I with thanks receive
To fright away old Care and Woe)
By Hodge were strung to scare a crow.
Hey-day! upon a second look,
What lies before me but a book? †
From Vanity again I draw
This leathern jacket stuff'd with straw;

---

* That she would sing during the birth of her son Henry the Fourth of France.

† "How oft, and perhaps how foolishly, have I stretched my book, to make it speak of itself? Foolishly, if for no other reason but this, that I ought to call to mind what I say of others who do the same; that the fond looks they often cast upon their works, witness that their hearts pant with self-love, and that even the disdainful reproaches with which they lash them, are no other than the dissembled caresses of maternal kindness, according to Aristotle, whose valuing and undervaluing himself frequently spring from the same air of arrogance." Montaigne, vol. iii. p. 376.

But then comes Prudence, friend you must not think
That cheap as this you shall find printers' * ink.
Hush—who would weigh so poor a thing as pelf,
Against the honours of an upper shelf? †

THE COBWEB.

Bless'd by Apollo t'other day,
My rhymes could send stern grief away.
'Tis thus when on some dang'rous wound
Cobwebs are efficacious found.

THE CARD.

To estimate our own abilities
See it is Vanity who kindly hies,
For reams of paper, and for bowls of ink.
But, before Truth, how all our folios shrink,
Who leaves her card (rude creature) and, good lack!
Bids us sum up our talents on its back.

ON MY WRITING IN MY SON'S CIPHERING BOOK, BUT HALF FILLED, WHEN HE BEGAN MATHEMATICS.

My child, since you're forbid to fill
This book, pray leave for those who will,

---

* The mere idea of printing, so filled my head with thoughts of the public and critics, that those august bodies are frequently mentioned in my reveries.

† Mrs. West, in "A Tale of the Times," says, "she would rather her verses stuck on an upper shelf of a book-case, than

By such as can give sumptuous treats
T'were closeted for choice receipts,
And wearing garments those can spoil
Amongst them, one to take out Soil,
But not to mar the first intent
To fill with numbers I consent,
If of this kind 'tis without rigour,
The world presumes I make no figure;
And ten to one may safely stake,
'Mongst bards I but a cypher make.

THE REVERIE.

'Tis monstrous hard in this our day,
What is there modern bard can say,
But you cry out, "he borrows?"
Good folks, who never sit and rhyme,
Sapient disposes of your time,
Ye know not half our sorrows.

My brothers of the scribbling tribe,
Whatever we would now describe,
This has been done so often:
That whether you would terror raise,
Fair emulation wake by praise,
Or wish hard hearts to soften.

By simile that's grand, or true,
How dress persuasion up anew?
For nature has been painted,

burn them directly."——Happy are they who can burn their's at a distant time.

From mountain top to valley low,
Beneath the dog-star, flood, and snow,
With her the world's acquainted.

Here oceans rage, there murmur brooks,
Then echo's voice and eke the rooks,
With all the sweeter singers;
So that by mentioning of these,
How can we now pretend to please,
Ah! no,—for like the ringers;

We tug for ever the same bell,
In short, there's nothing new * to tell,
For talk of pretty faces;
The roses, lilies, and the rest,
With all the virtues for her breast,
Have long since known their places.

Our's something like that hero's case,
Who whimper'd for another place,
To conquer, for our sporting;
We need more worlds, or other words
To talk of this, or else absurd's
The man, who fame is courting.

* After all, I must confine my address to scribblers, as, however unwillingly, I agree with the writer who says, "Notwithstanding the complaints of Indolence and Dullness, that the topics of description, and even of fiction, are exhausted, genius still sometimes asserts her claims, and proves that the variety of her productions, like that of the operations of nature, is without limit."

My ballad now shall bid adieu,
Who is it but allows full true,
When twisting ends together,
That I shall never stand alone,
Who can without one thread my own *,
Contrive to make a tether.

---

* No. 143 of the Rambler is devoted to the subject of plagiarism; but as the writer addresses himself to the poet, for he only can "pluck the flowers of fiction, planted by the ancients, without injuring their colours or their fragrance," the mere rhymer cannot quote this paper in his defence, but the most unlimited plagiarism is thus defended by Montaigne, vol. i. p. 165. "Truth and reason are common to all men, and are no more his who first declared them, than his who declared them afterwards. It is no more according to Plato than according to me, since both he and I understood and perceive in the same manner. Bees suck their flowers here and there where they find them, but make their honey afterwards, which is all and purely their own, no longer thyme and marjoram, so will the pupil transform, and bind, the several fragments he borrowed from others, in order to compile a work that shall be altogether his own; that is to say, his instruction, his labour, and study, are to be wholly employed in forming such a work. He is not obliged to discover the sources from whence he had the least assistance, but only to produce what he himself has composed. Men that live on pillage and mortgage make a shew of their buildings, and their purchases, but do not discover where and how they had their money. You do not see the fees taken by a member of the parliament (of Paris) but you see the alliance with which he has strengthened his family, and the honours he has obtained for his children. No man accounts to the public for his revenue, but every one publishes his purchases." And a little farther on, he says, "That which a man truly knows,

For, not to this misfortune blind,
Somewhere I'm certain you will find,
  Such language and romances;
And tho' I never saw the page,
'Twould o'er my trifles call up rage,
  Were I to claim these fancies*.

——— SAYS PURSE PROUD.

"The man who writes to sell,
"It is who must write well;
"Tho' to do this he works with fear and pain,
"But he who minds not gain,
"Shall work with ease.
"Think not we mean, that grace so sure to please."

---

may be disposed of without regard to the author, or reference to the book from which he had it." But however ingeniously a writer may plead the cause of writers, we fear he will not appease the resentment of the reader, while he peruses a tale he has heard ten times told, or has spent his eye-sight on "hereditary similies." It is to be hoped, wherever the loss of a few shillings is an object of importance, they will not be expended on books that have not already obtained the stamp of celebrity.

* The claim of originality is so flattering, that it would be well if every writer could say with the Reflector: "We have carefully avoided giving false sentiments for the sake of novelty, or gaining the fame of original writing. On no occasion have we missed observing what is just and pertinent, because it had been said before, or might be accounted trite and common."

POET AND POETASTER.

Your writer so fine,
Will over each line,
Be hanging the lip,
'Till caught by the hyp,
As he sobs to Apollo,
Ah! could I but follow,
But follow your lead.
What then! you must grant,
(Tho' great people can't),
A certain poor elf,
Still pleases* *himself*,
By name poetaster,
And gets on much faster,
Without troubling his head.

PLUTARCH'S CHARIOT.

THE car which Plutarch built for wit, was verse.
Alas to plain sense, mine may prove a hearse;
That friend perfidious who pretends to save
Him from the dust, it carries to the grave.
If Greek and British† wit may be combin'd,
Sufficient jingle you may quickly find;
Completely suited to that sluggish team,
Doom'd to drag on with many a heavy theme

* He will, no doubt, be highly delighted if, with Montaigne, through solitude, totally destitute of any other subject, he is obliged to trust to himself both for the thesis and argument.

† See Pope's letters.

THE IMPARTIAL PARENT.

THOSE who by nature are made clever,
May from her beauties paint for ever.
Repining, I had this just said;
When thus the dame. "I court no aid,
Like virtue, innocence, and youth,
Requiring but the touch of truth;
And 'tis to prove, her rudest etching,
Or a mere outline, (charcoal sketching!)
Cannot my features so disguise
But that they must delight all eyes;
To you is shewn my fairest face,
With leave in any light to place,
Nor think me partial when much wit is
Bestowed on those who sing of cities."

THE PERJURY.

BEFORE the new throned night, resolved
This rhyming folly to have done;
Ere morning peeps, my vow's dissolved,
Thus perjury escapes the sun.
Tho' never meeting day and night,
The hour who is a go-between
Will be discovering out of spite
What passed between us and the queen.
Thus, by the day to us denied
(The day an enemy to guile)
That shade which our defects might hide,
And length of time to use the file.

THE CROW QUILL.

THERE'S not a muse will own the creature,
Distortion staring thro' each feature;
In such harsh lines it is, you see
The offspring of adversity.
Great folks, and little, telling true
That minds, must something have to do,
Which can be idle while we sew;
Upon this ground, admit it then
No crime, should we pick up a pen,
Tho' weak, and of but dismal hue
This feather with night's raven flew.
So now, acquainted with its birth,
No tickler you expect to mirth.

WINE WHEY.

HOW often, have we felt the stroke,
By which our peace of mind was broke;
Yet, thro' that meliorater time,
Such accidents produce a rhyme.
A rhyme we grant of little worth,
Yet may we hope with it a birth
To such reflections might be given,
As shall prepare the soul for Heaven.
When press'd by man, the austere vine
Salutes the offering of his kine,
That, which till now was fair and placid,
Changed, through aversion to the acid;
Th' insipid part he from him throws
Then from the draught his bosom glows.

ON FINDING THESE VERSES * AMONGST MY INFANTILE COLLECTION.

'Tis strange methinks such thoughts as these,
Should in the dawn of reason please;
It seems by senses six, or seven,
We then foresaw the ways of Heaven:
(Which to a minister of state †,)
Appear'd so dark and intricate.
Hoarding this piece, where scarce a line
But might go well enough for mine.

MY BOOK.

Did I, on that eventful day,
Which saw me poring on great A,
Did I then think that I should see
A book, that ow'd its birth to me?
Transporting thought! enrapturing sound!
Paper that may be gilt, and bound!
A book that talks of many things
That talks of beggars, and of kings.

---

* TO THOMAS GUNSTONE, ESQ.

The noisy world complains of me,
That I should shun its sight, and flee
Visits and crowds and company:
Gunstone, the lark dwells in her nest,
'Till she ascends the skies;
Thus in my closet might I rest,
'Till to the heavens I rise.

† Addison.

Nay, for your simpletons and rogues
Can furnish us with apologues;
But of its kind, were this the first,
(Original I mean) the worst
Is, Wisdom then would know no more
From it, than she well knew before.
How happy, if we no offence
By this Book give to common sense.

RECUMBENT.

SAYS vanity, arise and print,
That grandchildren may wonder:
But indolence her speech would stint,
By whispering, lie, and ponder.
Now, which of these will gain the day?
Tho' there's a time will shew it.
On Vanity, it is we lay,
If stranger you're to know it.

MOONSHINE.

FRIENDSHIP.

THE RASH WISH.

PRETTY DORIS we're disgusted,
When you, repeated wishes send;
Wishes that cannot be trusted,
For that great rarity, a friend.

Friendship can each fault discover,
Parent of truth, a dame severe;
Friendship is no doating lover,
Nor shall our blemishes endear.

Calmly she beholds your weeping,
Nay your resentment shall prefer;
To a guilty silence keeping,
Your error being known to her.

Friendship permits not the deserting,
Tho' most unfortunate your friend;
Our int'rest with the world thus hurting,
On this we're not one sigh to spend.

Thee Vanity goes on in blinding,
While farther runs not Fate's decree;
Than that you with you're Hoyle are binding,
Friendship's true portrait sketch'd by me.

Doris astonish'd and enlighten'd,
With eagerness her wish recants;
And to sincerity thus frighten'd,
Owns 'tis a flatterer she wants.

TO ——————.

HAD I but earlier seen this friendly ray,
To health, and hope, then pointed out the way;
What can it now, but piercing through the gloom,
Of future sorrow, light me to the tomb?

THE BRILLIANT.

BELIEVE me not with gold you buy,
That friend possess'd of constancy;
No; for those treasures you have thrown
Away, you get the Bristol stone;
Which a slight rub, but ill sustains
By strokes severe, the Diamond gains.

THE ALTERATION.

WHEN we, that welcome dame expect,
Who's friendship nam'd, we wish her deck'd,
In the old Roman fashion.
But when our's must the call repay,
Why taste may change, and we to day
Dress with the Gallic nation.

TO FRIENDSHIP.

THOU Conscience to the human mind,
Art a true friend, from whom 'twill find,
Direction and support.
Yet when you call, pride stalks away,
Pleasure would persevere in play,
And peevishness turns short.

How blest the man whose virtue buys,
A conscience pure! Vice vainly tries
Him to torment or fright.
Tho' malice exercise her wiles,
Conscience his every pain beguiles,
With ever new delight.

Ah! How my fancy spoils this theme!
Nay, such a muse as claims esteem.
On meaner things in vain,
Tries to exalt the matchless pow'r
Of conscience, by whom every hour
Is doom'd to joy or pain.

SLANDER.

AN antidote's within thev er found,
That it is slander, heals the sa.nd'rous wound *.

* In this, and many of the following, Dr. Watts's hint of putting proverbs and famous sentences into rhyme, for the help of memory has been observed.

Admit, by slander's baleful breath,
Fair reputation put to death;
Who can allow this a temptation,
For Virtue to resign her station?
No; more tenacious of her ground,
That so, Peace feels no mortal wound,
Then with Humility, she'll look,
For farther orders from that Book;
Which bids the Christian live unvex'd,
By this world, living for the next.

Our law, protecting with such care,
The brownest bib while taking air*;
What should await the sland'rous tongue,
A fair name in its power hung.

As Fancy can afford us high delight,
'Tis she, for Busy conjures up that sprite;
Of whom, when he has drawn a picture true,
He thinks, good man, he has been painting you.

Steel may, through one rude breath, its lustre lose,
Yet the next moment all its worth renews;
But who with patience, hears us, should we say,
As soon from Virtue, slander dies away.

* The law is very severe against stealing wet linen.

When so much sins laid to our charge,
That truth declares th' amount too large;
Good from this ev'l may arise,
Enabl'd to forgive the wise,
Decrease their reckoning in the skies.

Hold— for the spoiler urg'd to vindication,
Must, to save his, destroy your reputation.

SUICIDE.

On one fond of Duelling and other Barbarities.

His neighbour's blood, at length insipid grown,
To yonder cannibal, he'll taste his own.

ROMAN SUICIDE.

The Roman well enough might dare,
To meet those griefs, he need not bear;
The "coward* Christian's" heaviest woe,
Is, that he dares not strike the blow.

THE EMPIRIC.

The throb of anguish at your heart,
Conceiving it the height of art;
To violently bodkin out,
Shews the empiric hand, no doubt;
For here as with the recent blain,
The mischief but begins again,

* For the most perfect Christian would not wish to do it.

In t'other world you find no more,
Was done, than to increase the sore.

STOIC AND CHRISTIAN.

I SAW a female full of woe *,
Weary of life, yet to and fro;
She pac'd it, for the sake of health,
To have fail'd in this, from life a stealth;
Which would be an unchristian deed,
Nor shall she envy when we read,
(Our liberty a pleasant thing)
Of souls, who when they would might wing;
Tho' these fly not as far as Jove,
But roost in an Elysian grove.
Thanks to our holy faith which drew,
Out the high Heaven, a Homer knew;
Not to imagine; he can hear
This life, whom Faith has carried there.

GRIEF.

THE limb, some twelve month's swath'd around,
Is lost to freedom when unbound;
And eyes once blue, when turn'd to grey,
In dungeons, weep before the day:
Thus, by the presence of a guest,
To me so strange, am I oppress'd;
Come then, my old companion Grief,
And from this joy, be my relief.

* Not the writer.

CARE.

TIME with his "petty pace shall creep,"
To lull our every care to sleep;
The care for titles, and for wealth,
That far, far wiser care, for health;
And to poor mortals care the great,
Care which regards a future state;
At which arriv'd, we're left to bear,
Our pain or pleasure without care.
For care no longer may endure,
Than to prevent, or to procure.

ANOTHER.

BEHOLD man, like the hunted hare,
Turn and return to baffle care;
Gaunt Cur! tho' few allow'd to ease,
He worries all the human race.

THE CITIZEN OF THE WORLD.

BRAGGANTIO cries, "I'm free as air,"
Free of that company where Care,
And many of his fellows, serve
To knit the brow, and slack the nerve;
You *must* take Prudence for your guide,
Reason to fight upon your side;
And more like these, for you will need 'em,
Go then, fond man! and boast your freedom.

TO HYPOCRISY.

FIRST born of cunning, come to me,
Oh! quickly come Hypocrisy;
For want of thee, some friends I lose,
For want of thee, increase my foes.
Here base-born Prudence peeping in,
(Sardonic smiles had shrunk her chin),
Says, for each knave a supple knee*,
Prepare, if not a knave to thee:
Those who go thus far for my sake,
Shall soon my daughter overtake.

PRUDENCE.

IT is in vain the wisest man,
Attempts to execute a plan;
Or, that another schemes projected,
If with the giddy he's connected.
The Savage routs a gallant host,
By fog the finest fleet is lost;
And Prudence knows, in the conclusion,
Folly puts all into confusion.

ON DISAPPOINTMENT.

WHEN by the wand'ring kine, which droop beneath
The stroke of famine, from this lonely heath,

* The reason that Molier's Misanthrope gives for being one, is, that he hates some men because they are knaves, and the rest, because they are civil to knaves.

Espied that root with vivid foliage crown'd,
To spread delight while winter blasts around;
Toward the inviting field with pain they crawl,
But nearer it behold a lofty wall;
(Like those near Wells, in gems, all glittering proud)
'Tis then their dismal lowing grows more loud:
Thus, the unhappy man goes on to bend,
Bow'd as he is to one, who can befriend;
But if between them, now their should arise,
Some wight, so wond'rous rich in gold and lies,
Our suppliant through the disappointment dies.

ANOTHER.

A MATRON musing on this world's deceit,
(Where friends expected, 'tis a foe we meet),
Reflection still from fancy took her dress,
And Mira, thus related her distress:
Enamor'd of that gentle art, who loves
To lead new beauty round the cradling groves;
Cleanthes, with brisk carol hail'd the hour,
When some gay lily, should perfume his bow'r,
But see! yon gloomy Hellebore's grim flow'r,
Blown by the baleful breath of envious night,
To kill that simple hope, which bless'd the light.

ANOTHER.

AVARICE, considering how to play,
Fate with a sneer regards;
While sending poverty away,
To snatch from him the cards.

GOSSIP HOPE.

MOTHERS—can you believe? I caught her,
A mother, sighing o'er her daughter!
"When you decline, my blooming maid,
'Twill be again myself to fade.
But Gossip Hope, presents your child,
As yourself, innocent and wild;
Let Nature's law but be obey'd,
I die before her roses fade.

THE ROCKING STONE.

THAT man's a wretch, must be confess'd,
Even if with good children bless'd;
And friends who've stood no common test.
These mortal, by that word alone,
The heart of hope's chill'd to a stone,
Which rocks, 'till she is overthrown.

HOPE DETECTED.

'TIS thro' experience and reflection,
The busy Hope meets with detection:
Hope, who is for the coming time,
Still laying out her honied lime;
Which she, with such expertness mixes,
On it, each gay idea fixes.
Hope is employed by Vice and Folly,
By Virtue too and Melancholy.
For we with Confidence may dare,
To say 'tis Hope, and not Despair
Who does for Suicide prepare.

Should this Hypothesis displease,
Is it not Hope who tells us ease,
May to the tortur'd heart be led,
By only pulling of a thread;
That with the polish'd ball she'll roll,
Or glide thro' smooth streams to the soul?

MY HOPE.

My Hope still running on in vain,
Since disappointments in your train,
Form such a crowd, it is denied,
Good Reason to approach your side.
And yet, without her what art thou,
But Lunacy, who bends his bow,
Against old Ocean, Death, and space,
Or with the winds would run a race?

TO MEMORY.

Oh! thou from whom at present must,
Come my amusement, I entrust;
Thee Mem'ry with my fame,
With truth don't get me in a scrape,
By hers, my every notion shape;
Still may I love her name!

But hate the whisper, discord's spy,
Thro' whom our credit we deny,

When Time some wonder brings;
Time, how ill used by those who glean,
The street for chaff, and then are mean
Enough to breathe it wings*!

TO MEMORY.

THE lights are gone, I hear no voices,
And now it is my soul rejoices;
By which me thinks I am to find,
The soul would have me deaf and blind.
Yet after all, her cogitation,
Must to the senses bear relation;
Whether its on the page† of Plot,
Salvator's pencil, or what not.
Now, should this immaterial being,
Who, while Clay sleeps, fine sights is seeing;
Acknowledge to speak truth, I caught her,
Confessing every thing was taught her‡.
Why then, what follows, is that we
Think that our soul is Memory;
And thus, it may be understood,
Why Memory yields our purest good;

---

* Though when we must speak, the strictest veracity should be observed, even in trifles, or falsehood would become habitual. Silence is as commendable after chit chat, as blamable when we are unjust to the character of another, by persisting in our taciturnity.

† Plot's Oxfordshire.

‡ It were more reasonable to permit this guess to those who had seen one born deaf and blind.

As all allow the recollection,
Of having done some virtuous action.
In me (the time perhaps how near),
What Memory was, would soon appear,
Were I reduced to eye and ear.
If not the soul we may presume,
Memory, in future state, finds room;
And while our mortal course we run,
What without Memory, can be done?
Thro' whom we often don't suspect,
A dullness in the intellect;
Where this is brightest, all's confusion,
When want of Memory, brings delusion.
Much good may't do 'em who've the heart,
To pore on Malbronche and Descartes;
For after all, we acknowledge still,
Our Memory waits upon the will.
Hence Smirk retailing Farquhar's plays,
Graveairs no elegy, but Gray's;
While Barbecue forgets each book,
That does not teach him how to cook.

TO CUNNING.

THO' cunning, from that folly springs,
By whom alone employ'd;
How often by her stratagems,
Is Wisdom's self annoy'd*.

* Though no doubt many honest people may say with Montaigne, "I have seen in my time, a thousand men of supple,

Thus will the despicable juice,
A blighted vintage brings;
Out of the basest * metal poured,
Destroy the boast of kings.

REASON.

The Zephyr and Reason.

WHILE recollecting many a whim,
I said, we know the chaff may swim;
Secure in summer's sultry noon,
But evening's Zephyr cometh soon;
To whom such things shall fall a prey,
With them his new-pledg'd pinions play;
By night so nervous, grown they lead ye,
More weighty trifles to the eddy;
In life's decline, how many follies die,
With the slight requiem of a sober sigh;
But this, this last, we blush to feel a tear,
Ah! yet a while our fav'rite folly spare;
Reason grown stronger, then shall make her boast,
That darling foible with a smile was lost †.

" mongrel natures, of whom, no one doubted, but they were " more wordly wise than I, ruin themselves, where I have " saved myself; I laughed to see their unsuccessful wiles."

* Though no doubt, the solvent of Cleopatra's pearl, was poured from a golden cup.

† Of course, we mean the follies of a middle age, and not to insinuate, that man can live free from follies.

REASON AND PASSION.

REASON good dame, with measur'd step goes on,
To bring back man, by her foe Passion won;
Passion who runs, flies, creeps,
And in her measures still no measure keeps.

TO REASON.

SPARK of the ethereal fire,
Only with my life expire.
I will nurse thee, may I save!
Many enemies you have.
For lo! the trembling hand of Fear;
Sorrow threatening with a tear,
By eager Joy's full hasty breath
The flame is kindled for thy death.
Furious Anger (horrid sight!)
Stamps till he extinguish quite.
Distill'd from Agony's pale brow,
The big drop falling, thou art low;
'Tis now the cordial crowd I see
Pretending aid, will smother thee.
Great parent, Light! the foe disperse,
Or 'tis in vain we Reason nurse.

NOT THE SHADOW OF PLEASURE.

"IN your state of probation," says Reason, "great gain
I would have you consider the absence of pain;

But man all contemptuous of ease as a treasure,
Is intent on obtaining no less than a pleasure.
In this world, that great church-yard, some spectres we see,
But mere fancy the shadow of Pleasure must be;
Since the poor human creature there's nothing to save
From that queer situation, the brink of the grave.
And thence it is at her he catches and hallows,
Till seiz'd on by Death, what long yawn'd for him, swallows;
But 'tis in proceeding to what often follows,
We meet those reflections too sad for my rhyme,
Such as, lost by abusing our portion of time,
By a toil most extravagant while upon earth,
The joy to whom heaven alone can give birth.

KNAVERY.

The Blow.

Lives there a man of wisdom who receives
A blow, considering not the hand that gives?
The Tipstaff's touch, to shame and sorrow brings;
While from the royal tap, high honour springs.
Be ye resign'd, who feel from Knaves your blow,
Of such the rod of Heaven is made, you know.

THE QUARREL.

SOME high words arising, Ben call'd Dick a knave,
And yet as 'twas Richard who soonest forgave,
At least we may see the best Christian, said I;
When feeling one twitch me, "Stop! hark ye!" says Dry,
"Before you so loudly applaud with the throng,
Be certain that Richard receiv'd any wrong."

THE CHRISTIAN.

KNAVES who are ever falling out and in,
From Scripture prove that malice is a sin,
To cheat the world, which, if 'twould read them right,
Must turn to maxims they keep out of sight.

RESIGNATION.

MAN tries to make himself believe,
Himself how willing to deceive,
That, a great crowd of sorrows past,
He has met happiness at last.
But thro' officious Truth shall find,
That after all he's but resign'd.

SAY "What has man with Joy to do,
Angels of light she's made for you."

Since Hope is treated by the wise,*
As only Fear in gay disguise.
We are to this confession driven,
'Tis Resignation who is given
As our chief good on this side Heaven.
Vain Man be thou content to raise
Thy voice to Resignation's praise.

THE ANALYSIS.

WHAT is this fame? Come, let us see
What power will analyze for me.
'Tis Truth appearing, thus performs
Her task upon the breath of worms,
Our motive,† thrown in by the dame,
This sparkling cordial clouds with shame;
But we'll suppose that all is pure
Enough to filt'ring Time endure,
No dreg of interest here shall lie,
Nor the least scum from vanity:
Its brightness then must be allow'd
By Wisdom, and for once, the crowd

---

* See Cowley.

† It is from the Devil (upon Two Sticks) we have the following remark, therefore we hope it may be false: "Such are for the "most part all generous actions, we should be far from admir- "ing them did we see into their motives."

Shall echo her; for even these,
(We change our metaphor with ease)
Fame's fervent votary pants to please.
Let us aspire to what? This ball
Itself, is only rais'd to fall.
Where then is Fame? See where, how low
She lies, to whom man cries, "Bestow!"
Since Fame is down—down did we say?
Too weak the phrase; she's swept away.
Must we relinquish each pursuit,
But what is shar'd with servant brute?
Relinquish Praise? at whose sweet voice
Where is the heart that don't rejoice?
Yet when she's mortal we but doat;
Let us then try to catch that note,
Which Conscience from above may bring,
Tho' man in unison don't sing,
'Tis hence eternal joy shall spring.

THE RACE.

WHO is it grows more swift thro' age?
Suspicion—for we dare engage
That she shall now outstep dame Truth,
Tho' far behind her in her youth.

ON INNOCENCE.

BLEST Innocence! by one glance from whose eyes
Th' impression's made, by which a slander dies.

Thus from a stripling's arm the pebble's thrown,
By which a mighty giant is brought down,

THE GOVERNESS.

WHEN Innocence with Fame must part,
Lest the fair maid should break her heart,
'Tis one of a celestial race
Accepts the earth-born creature's place.
Thro' Patience, Innocence supports
Herself, disgrac'd in cots or courts.

THE GOLDEN BOUGH.

WE know that wit in vain may leap,
While dullness with success shall creep
To the golden fruit, but ne'er shall rise
So high, that he can gold despise,
Tho' ignorant of its worth, he dies.

THE CRITICS; OR, DULLNESS BUT VENIAL.

THE Stagyrite we now confute,
(As those allow who can't dispute)
Could he appear, the syllogism
Must be employed to silence schism,
Whose boldness you'll allow the greater,
This philosophical Dictator
So well heard by that pretty son
Of Jove; who, when with school he'd done,
Seeing the world, saw with disdain,
Less than an army in his train.

I wonder much how those can bear,
Who only praise with patience hear;
To think upon a future age,
With critics over every page,
More numerous than when butterflies
From full-blown lavender arise.
Hurt by such censure, 'tis well known,
Pope sung in a terrific tone,
To punish these, and fright all others,
Who wish'd to imitate their brothers.
Did not Regret sit at his heart
Thinking a Dunciad's second part,
Could not the unborn witling daunt?
For wits of his day you will grant
So flatter, Pope could not suppose
One quill to start from such as those.
Or hopes he had anticipated
The critic (here he over-rated)
Might dread and anger lull to rest,
Or Virtue quell'd (to think the best
Of one who made the dame his guest,)
Every incursion of the spleen,
Before he left this motley scene,
But how, irascible Voltaire
Could you upon this subject fare?
By thee despis'd that only palm,*
Which can the troubled bosom calm.

* Palma Christi.

How is it you exist thus long
Conscious that it will not with song,
Smart epigram, or sly lampoon,
Be left within thy power soon
To disconcert the aim of wit,
Presumptuous in his hope to hit
Most luckily upon some error,
Of such a *head:* here is *your* terror.
The writer of our dictionary
Knew, that thro' time, such works miscarry ;*
And disregarding all abuse,
Which met his politics or muse,
Wrote ethics, Wisdom† can't refuse :
Nor can we think that he one word
For wit's sake, wish'd his friend to hoard ;

---

* Lamenting that Shakspeare's language should become obsolete, Johnson observes, " That which must happen to *all*, has happened to Shakspeare."

† As, indeed, so wise a man could not expect happiness from any thing less than a good conscience, and though an inferior degree of intellect may flatter us with some comforts from riches, those must be young indeed, who place their hopes of felicity on the breath of the multitude. We see accordingly, that madness, or despair, has succeeded to the disappointed vanity of some *juvenile* poets, while the great critic, in his never-enough admired preface to Shakspeare, among some excellent remarks on the futility of the most exalted human pursuits, has in the following words taught us the value to be set upon the art of criticism : " I cannot promise the ignorant that they will become, in general, by learning criticism, more useful, happier, or wiser."

So that on Johnson, when in sport,*
The Rambler ever could retort.
Why to defend his head so strenuous,
Most authors dullness is not heinous.
If you without subscription, play,
More quietly your conscience may
Than the insipid volume lay,
You unmolested by remorse.
Unfelt the ivory's friendly force
By that, the trunk's capacious hollow,
Must soon the wretched creature swallow;
Or worse, some vulgar tenant spoil
By overwhelming it with oil;
Which running to the dedication,
What food is there for conflagration!

EXPERIENCE AND EXPECTATION.

A YOUTHFUL hope pursuing pleasure,
Dull hours, but as lost time will measure;
While age, who many sad has spent,
With dull ones would be well content.
Experience here, there Expectation,
Give to opinion its foundation.
Thus sits Sir Turk, as writers say,
Whiffing o'er sherbet all the day,
While happiness attends, if he
No confiscation should foresee.

---

* Taking the weak side of an argument.

The Briton, safe from such a dread,
Were wretched if this life he led.

IN PRAISE OF VANITY.

'Tis said, love is the cordial drop;
Or, if you please, life's sugar'd sop;
But it is Vanity I think
Who makes our palatable drink.
True love in Wit or Beauty's way,
Mayn't come, or coming, may not stay;
What hopes if we are dull and plain?
But ev'ry creature can be vain.
'Tis Vanity attends us home,
Nay more, shall not forsake our tomb;
Thro' her what scribbler but shall smirk,
While prating of some future work,
And for the splendor of his heir
Celibacy is rous'd to care,
'Tis Vanity that introduces
Pleasure; and Agony amuses:
With strength prodigious can supply
Us, pressed on by Adversity,
'Tis Vanity might justly claim
Where Stoics have put in the name
Of Fortitude, to cozen fame;
And you'll allow 'tis often seen,
Her foe is troubled by the spleen.
My friend, observe this butterfly,
Its food as various as its dye;

Shaken from myrtles or the rose,
How cheerfully the creature goes
Into those academic* bowers,
And there as heartily devours
Something to furnish it with sweets
In ev'ry walk and turn it meets.
Methinks 'twere prudent to forbear
The chasing hence a thing so fair,
And harmless too; lest that black bug
We rouse, not crush; now lying snug.

ON PEACE.

THAT Peace, the deity of age,
Or idol of the hermitage,
Dwells she on earth? It rather seems
By mortals seen but in their dreams;
Ascending with the village smoke,
Nestling in the hollow oak,
Gliding with the dimpling stream,
Or along the evening beam.
Tho' strange, yet all with us agree
That Peace is still at enmity
With feasts, and shows, and crowded halls,
Masquerades, and city balls:
She at such scenes is not allow'd,
Nor has the country to be proud.
Behold! the Cottage fire-side,
The enemies of peace divide;

* The Physic Garden at Oxford.

Its children as they climb the oak,
An acorn shall to rage provoke;
The rustic reels beneath the gleam,
And the lorn maiden haunts the stream.
Fancy begone! if Peace can rest
On earth—her cradle Virtue's breast.

HAPPINESS.

OUR song's whole burden "Happiness,"
What mortal's destin'd to possess?
Grant men of business, and of books,
Each other view with scornful looks.
If by presumption we're to measure
Success; no doubt the man of *pleasure*
Is he who has found out the treasure
Nam'd Happiness; no—by the good
Alone this word is understood;
And he may pity that call'd bliss,
By th' highest in each rank who miss
Attaining Happiness like his.

CAPT. GAUNTLET'S INVOCATION TO PATIENCE.

WITH wrath the gen'rous Gauntlet gasp'd,
These words which calm'd his soul we hail:
"Here when the burst grenade had rasp'd,
"My spirit smil'd in coat of mail.

"'Gainst those expected in this life
"To wound us many a tedious care,
"Slander, and Envy, friends to strife,
"Religion shall my shield prepare.

" Contemptuous silence gives the due
" To vet'ran falsehoods that attack
" Us thro' the mimic of Jehu,
" Or must'red at the chariot's back.

" Truth may command o'er ev'ry rank,
" Yet Poverty from this good dame,
" Deserting thro' false pay, we thank
" That Mercy which puts in her claim.

" Oh Patience! thou my plaint shall hear:
" Do thou in future lend that aid,
" By which I may be brought to bear
" Without dismay, the " strokes of trade."

" Whose force new cloth'd by every hour,
" So varied too in magnitude
" Is her defence, each common power
" It is confessed she can elude."

TO THEORY.

To youth a goddess, age a friend,
Oh Theory 'tis to thee we bend;
To whom belong those wond'rous lives,
Where Virtue every task survives;
And who of doing good grows weary,
While they are thus employ'd by Theory?

For thee, shall not we sleep forsake?
For thee, by whom while wide awake
We are amus'd, till dull our dreams
Compar'd to those delightful schemes
With which we run on all so cheery,
And feast on our success thro' Theory?

Nay, should we of this world complain
Confessing here our toil is vain:
To worlds, thou know'st so well to shape
We fly, and as we thus escape
From ways by mortals found so dreary,
Tell Pope * that man is bless'd in Theory.

THE THRONE OF DISCORD.

'Twas in that month which Phœbus strove to cheer,
While Boreas rush'd, its tender bloom to tear,
That Discord flew, her dire domain to fix
Amongst those particles which never mix;
Tho' nought can stop the strong impetuous tide,
That glowing flows down groaning Ætna's side,
Except the deep but smoothly silent lake,
Thro' jarring elements a rock shall shake.
From sufferings most acute can we exempt
Souls that find room for anger and contempt.

TO THE WIT.

Were you as witty, think on Swift,
Heaven can reassume the gift.

* "Man never is, but always to be bless'd."

Walk humbly with thy God.
Farther than this* we do not mean
An application to the Dean,
Altho' a writer odd.

Let not your vanity advance
So far to pick up arrogance,
That weak aspiring rod,
Attracts to thee avengeful fires,
And see thy boasted wit expires
At the Almighty nod.

T'improve your heart, exert your pow'rs,
Trying to cultivate fair flow'rs
(Where flourish noxious weeds).
Not of the fragile genus, no;
Such will in ev'ry garden grow,
But Am'ranths are good deeds.

CRUELTY.

THAT fiend whom we do most abhor
Is Cruelty; who talks of war
Where Nature at her mercy lies,
Or rather where she creeps, and flies.
To clear the matter from dispute,
We'll say wherever she is mute.†

* His vertigo.

† God is in every creature: be cruel towards none; neither abuse any by intemperance, says Bishop Taylor. And a wise heathen, after giving the same advice, goes on to blame men for

Who is it Cruelty assists?
Strange! Pleasure entering her lists;
By Echo shall prolong the chace,
With Silence gall the finny race,
And 'midst her triumph meet disgrace.
What! Luxury in that foul attire?
Yes, with his cauldron, knife, and fire.
Oh! Jenyns, we would spread thy book
Before each epicure and cook.
With thee tho' many a one has thought,
But few * th' ungrateful field have wrought;

---

delighting in the torments and cruel deaths of beasts; as does an admired writer of the present day, in the following words: "It is not perhaps in common cases self-evident, that diversions "which consist in taking away happiness, inflicting torture, and "shedding blood, are altogether adapted even to persons of the "other sex, who lay claim to cultivated understandings and "benevolent hearts; but however that may be, the rude cla- "mour, the boisterous exertions, and the cruel spectacles of "field sports, are wholly discordant when contrasted with the "delicacy, the refinement, and the sensibility of a woman."— And in the same author, we have: "Teach them to abhor the "detestable sports derived from the sufferings of animals; they "who in their childhood are inured to persecute the bird, or "torture the insect, will, in mature years, have hearts prepared "for barbarity to their fellow-creatures."

* I am happy in finding this a mistake, and that the greatest geniuses of the last century have wrote on the subject. Yet, there is one species of cruelty seldom mentioned, those arts used in the exhibition of dwarfs, idiots, and infants.

Exposing many a horrid prank,
You toil for those who cannot thank,
And draw on you a crowd of foes;
But with the cook, this list* we'll close,
To see, where Cruelty for fame
Plunges still deeper, man her game.
First stalks Ambition, proud to boast,
Tho' much ferocity is lost,
She still leads on a thirsty host:
Two giggling girls, what can they do?
One gay, in finery quite new,
Alas! 'tis Wantonness and Fashion,
About to murder reputation.
A firm support our Fury finds
From a great corps of little minds;
'Mongst these, a tyrant joins her cause,
Who to his circle frowns out laws:
And upon torture to refine,
Even to know that fault they pine;

* A certain author, when describing the gentleness of the Wallachian women, says, "If imitated in other countries might "take away some of that masculine ferocity which distinguishes "many of the lower classes of women in Britain, and which "they perhaps in a great measure contract from being consti-"tuted butchers of the lesser animals used in our kitchens." Though this evil may be in some measure unavoidable in those families where no man-servant is kept, it is easy for the mistress of such to refuse the complicated cruelty of angling.

Which clouds his brow for days together,
Nor durst one smile, out in such weather *.
Tho' 'tis thro' cunning, who shall slip
With them to some Barbadoes † ship,
Our commerce keeps her chain and whip.
To slavery shall she give a tear?
No;—Custom thence diverts her ear:
Custom, that witch who at one birth,
Gave to the world its grief and mirth
But let us leave this horrid theme,
For sure of Cruelty they dream,
Who wake upon this gen'rous Isle,
Where Charity ne'er sleeps: her smile
Engross'd not by domestic woes,
Is felt by its inveterate foes.

ON SEEING MARKS OF CRUELTY.

By the fix'd eye and stiffen'd hair,
'Tis she.—The sister of despair,
Who now in hollow groans, then piercing cries,
Insists upon it that he must arise.
That Jenyns, friend to mercy, must return,
And with us o'er yon mangl'd creature mourn.
Tho' Horror prompts, rest gentle shade for me,
To bring thee here, were cruelty to thee.

---

* Inimitably expressed in the 148th Number of the Rambler, by "The gloom of his own presence."

† The writer lives in so perfect a seclusion that the slave-trade had been abolished before it was here noticed among other species of cruelty.

BODY AND SOUL.

Or this weak Body, Soul takes so much care,
One class of men, must keep her in repair;
And of the others, few but shall produce
Something pertaining to her whims, or use:
Yet after all, into a hole we thrust,
For which, she's forc'd to pay, her precious dust.
Ungrateful Body! who art serv'd just right,
For putting the poor trembling Soul to flight,
The Soul unknowing where she's to alight,
Wish'd that some Rosicrusian* might controul,
That Body, but so newly fill'd with Soul.
Poor Soul! why thus defer your natal hour,
Until doom's-day? your doom is in your pow'r,
Thro' grace, while Time still goes on to devour.

SOUL.

So frequent here events she can't controul,
Peace is not found out by the human soul;
At length, the weary wand'rer finds this out,
And then would seek Peace by another rout:
Lo Peace within the silent grave must live,
Exalted saint, the foolish thought forgive;
Who with thy offspring harmony we wrong,
Both plac'd the first celestial choir among,
To moderate the fiery seraph's song.

---

* See the various accounts of their prolonging life.

Search the whole earth, we find peace is not there,
And should we thus gain patience, who shall dare
To say, the earth dissolv'd, peace waits us in the air?

SILENCE AND MEDITATION.

HAD I, a cottage of my own,
In it should Silence reign alone?
No; Meditation shares his throne,
Who, when oblivion would devour,
Rescues the solitary hour,
Tho' she can bid that column rise,
Which sings a Hero to the skies,
But we will not particularize.
Of many a great, or pleasing art,
Her offspring, and a foster's part
Accepting, see become of worth,
What some mean accident brought forth.
Thus to the Earth be there but giv'n,
The chill dew of a wintry heav'n;
We are by her assiduous care,
Presented with the snow-drop fair.

SOLITUDE.

Solitude restrained.

WE read and muse with Solitude,
But then, what are we to conclude?

Bold doctrines * with their refutation,
Crossing in rapid circulation:
From that throng'd hill my Lord lolls up †,
To dine, while Tape runs down to sup;
Retir'd, to those around the Dee,
Where grandeur weds simplicity;
From every tumult are we freed,
By the grey rock and moory mead?
Tho' forc'd no more by your full stops,
For refuge into corner shops;
No more 'gainst knaves, and harlots press'd,
Peace yet is stranger to the breast:
Since here disdain resumes her motion,
And that fear waiting on devotion,
Shall here presume to cry aloud,
Tho' but a whisperer in the crowd.
Now should we take it in our head,
That one sense might Dame Reason lead;
The meagre visage or the wan,
Shew us Peace is not for the man,
Who thinks, unless restrain'd by Grace,
His passions creep, (no common pace),
Such shrew'd reflections on Lud's hill,
Had not been made, but ever will;

---

* Civil and political.

† The *up* and *down*, we find is the reverse; but this error is of less consequence to the reader, than altering a rhyme would now be to the writer.

The dupe of Leisure, be caught dancing,
With serious Follies, not advancing
To Wisdom, Truth, left after all,
Beneath that closely woven pall;
Of Which of one corner swaddles doubt,
Whose cry is Help me, help me out!
On some account, tho' it may suit
Us to stay here, not absolute*:
Be solitude in such a reign,
Doubt may be nurs'd into a pain.

SOLITUDE, NURSE OF CONTEMPLATION.

Is Solitude unknown to Joy?
(We mean that florid, round fac'd boy;
Who frolics with the flaunting day),
Yet nurse to one, who with the grey
Morning, loves to pore her way.
In paths, where Palmers count their beads,
Or o'er the cloister'd grave, which leads
To where, while Want, shall trembling tell
Some petty frauds, Hope tolls the bell,
Don Juan paid for sin so well.
Thou, Solitude, with me so old,
Each tale of thine is ten times told.

---

* Though perhaps, seeing for five years only one person, except on disagreeable business, this Solitude might be deemed absolute, by Zimmerman, Shenstone, and others; who, when they talk of seclusion, mean what the writer would esteem a bustle.

Still your departure I'd defer*,
For Contemplation sake, towards her;
Those pick up an imperfect clue,
Who're not attended on by you.

WRITTEN WITHIN SIGHT OF A HIGH ROAD, NEAR LONDON, IN THE SUMMER.

Ye 'mongst those now about to roam,
Who were so ask'd to leave your home,
That you no little meanness pocket,
At your apartment, as you lock it.
Whose door, like that to Janus' fane,
By discord, is set wide again;
Complain not that your friends were rude,
But make a friend of Solitude.

THE LOVE OF SOLITUDE, THE LOVE OF SELF.

Leaving the Town far on our way,
Is every object smart and gay;
Thus where corruption gives a wound,
The inflammation spreads around.
Of busy man, the more I see,
Oh! Solitude, more fond of thee;
(Truth must be heard, tho' heard with pain),
More fond of Self, for to be plain,
This Solitude, complacent thing,
Affords to Vanity her swing;

---

* Defer, is too weak a word for the present Solitude, which will admit those most dear to the writer.

Or placing on the hobby horse,
Shall never interrupt her course;
And sings for ever lullaby,
To whimpering sensibility.
The world, harsh pedant, would confine
It's pupil by a rigid line:
No wonder Indolence, or Pride,
So often choose to slip aside;
While sickness finds a fair pretence,
To set out openly from thence;
The growing Virtue we may trust,
Cunning to presently disgust;
That Imp, who bears the rule we know,
Which gives to Innocence the blow,
Where Wisdom is hung out for shew.
Indignant Virtue leaves the school,
To Custom's slave, and Fashion's tool;
While Practice, well may serve their turn,
'Tis Interest every knave shall learn;
In which grown old, far from abhor'd,
At this Academy they board.

THE DORMOUSE.

O PITY my condition
Here, but a thin partition,
Between me and this scolding,
In tremor my pen holding;
I wish myself a mouse,
But not in such a house:
No; in yon hazel wood,
Then for some months, I should

Not feel from care a wound,
My rest were so profound;
Rock'd by the winter's wind,
The sleeper's nurse most kind.

FIRST ACQUAINTANCE WITH THE CAMBRIAN SOLITUDE.—A FRAGMENT.

——— which would have been her pride,
By Fate such bliss withheld.

Now—seeks not cheerful streets,
Me, Solitude, she rather meets,
Where Fynach's waters rush;
Or nameless torrents haste to hide,
Themselves in chasm's dark and wide,
O'ergrown by mountain bush,

When ——— can't obtain one book,
'Tis I, who, by the neighb'ring rook,
Call to some Ivy'd tow'r;
Where rapt in thought she often leans,
Over those wild bewitching scenes,
Which weaken grief's dread pow'r.

To aid against our ghostly foes,
Stately yon abbey's * wall arose,
Now moulder'd down to earth;
How can the marble tablet tell,
Who 'twas that liv'd, or pay'd so well,
At that eulogium's birth.

* Strata, Florida Abbey.

Cease Solitude, Truth bids thee own,
It is not for thyself alone,
Sad —— seeks thy cells;
But clamour to avoid, who roams
The frequent guest of lodging homes,
With thee, sweet silence dwells.

Truth adds to stifle thy pretence,
Euphrastus fam'd for eloquence,
Britannia thinks she draws;
Into the heat of high debate,
While he regardless of her fate,
Is seeking loud applause.

Grisset, when in her crossest mood,
Declares the captain is so good,
Whose compliments increase;
As he each day repeats his calls,
And patiently, or hears, or bawls,
Beholding her fair niece.

For yonder wretched wight so gay,
Tho' it was rapine shew'd the way,
To raise his monstrous hoard.
He gets the bow of many a squire,
And feels delight while they admire,
Nought but his eastern board.

When you the lovely Charlotte see,
At Lady Cynthia's, sipping tea,

Hid are those snakes uncurl'd;
Mute as a Spartan while these wound,
To her still friendship's vizor's bound,
While here she sees the world.

Scrip's box, near Putney Common, sold,
He quickly bought the Chartreuse old;
This change with ruin fraught,
How he must love rocks, lakes, and moors;
No flies thus far, since 'mongst such boors,
Gross adulation's caught.

No doubt, that youthful son of Mars,
Ambition hurries to the wars,
Or justice, shall unsheath
His sword, to quell th' invading foe.
You do but err, a girl said "No;"
He, therefore, now woos death.

YOUTH.

The Babe.

When Summer draws aside the curtain,
From yonder bud, the Rose is certain;
And while the worm lies in its cell,
What sort of Fly, we can foretell:
From Tigers, Lambs, shall not proceed,
Nor Birds, be thrown up with sea weed;
Only this pretty swaddled thing,
A fiend may sink, or Angel wing.

THE BOOK.

To youth we cry, Go mind your book,
Into the world must manhood look;
What of old age, my friend? why then,
We're shut up with our books again;
Man in this world to make a figure,
Had need encounter it with vigour.

TO A GIRL.

With such a face and such a mien,
We grant you should be heard and seen,
Nor think through spleen or vapour;
I would confine you to your tongue,
Since vet'ran Art must go along,
With those who shine on paper.

YOUTH AND AGE.

Poor youth, that inconsiderate elf,
Trust ev'ry body, Age mistrusts himself.

THE CHILD.

We think our Daddy Time, will bring
Us this, and t'other, pretty thing.
He comes without it, or has spoil'd
So much it cannot please the child,
Who begs he'll take the toy away,
And runs with Hope, again to play.

TO A YOUNG PERSON.

So it has been with all of us,
You're yet too young to make a fuss;
But don't on this account despair,
"Respect shall wait upon grey hair,"
Says Reason, though if truth be told,
Her lowest bow, is made to Gold.
That doctrine does not want for force,
Asserting Avarice, must of course,
Upon the wretched man attend,
Who feels in Gold his firmest friend;
Since robb'd by Time, of twenty ways,
To please, well known in happier days;
Not but in those, he soon became aware
Of vulgar souls, who only wish'd to share
Such talents, as could Cæsar's image bear.

'TOTHER SIDE OF THE QUESTION.

THREESCORE, it puts me in a pet,
To find you harbour such regret,
As shall one deep sigh cost;
If fled, the simple wond'rer youth,
Her toys have sated, or in truth,
With them you reason lost.

In wilds Crimean once a band,
Which took a frozen lake for land,

On it recover'd breath;
The Passions numerous, and strong,
Thus confidently stride along,
Nor dream of lurking death.

That rav'nous shark, and vast remorse,
Who swim round him so soon a corse,
Dazzled by this world's shew;
We its fair promises believe,
Advancing farther, now perceive,
The gulf that gapes below.

And envying, eye those happy few,
Who with less danger can pursue,
Away no glare confounds;
These so much of their journey o'er,
Indeed past hope, if any more,
The earth their prospect bounds.

THE TUTOR AND YOUTH.

With a grave face, we tell poor youth,
"The Conqueror at last is Truth:
"Tho' Fraud a season may prevail."
In this, alas: we tell a tale;
Let but bold Slander sally out,
How seldom he's put to the rout,
Or met by one opposing doubt.
Better our Pupil had been taught,
To place that value which he ought,

On plaudits which with others* rest,
And those he feels within his breast.

YOUTH AND CARE.*

My days as yet, how very few;
And yet those days have chang'd their hue.
What means this harsh shrill note? "Beware,"
It is Experience ushering Care.
Fear's offspring, see! He scowls around,
And gives to every Joy a wound;
Bids the sweet voice of Pleasure cease,
And frights away the prattler Peace:
On Fancy's variegated wing,
I haste to where the linnets sing;
'Mongst waving woods, where flowrets low,
Around the moss clad people grow;
Where lavish Nature shall entrust,
Her beauties to an insect's dust;
Where Sol's appearance is foretold,
If, but the Pimpernelle unfold:
Let me with my beachen hook,
Draw the cresses from the brook;
And bid the grateful shower fall,
From orchard, filbert copse, or wall.

---

* A man should indeed be afraid and ashamed of what is really shameful, but to shrink under every reflection upon his character, though it speaks a delicacy of temper, has nothing in it of true greatness of mind, says a worthy heathen.

The simple beverage be her share,
Who shuns the gilded dome, "Beware,"
Thence echoed from the voice of Care.

TO A YOUNG WOMAN. *

SUPERIOR far to rouge, or cream,
Tho' things so highly in esteem;
Superior to dissimulation,
(That blot on modern education;)
Surpassing e'en a tortur'd shape,
And all the modes françoises we ape;
Beyond the instructive page of Hoyle,
Director of the midnight toil;
You'd find my fair ones would ye try,
Your native charm sweet Modesty:
Charming thro' every change of life,
From youth, to age, from maid, to wife.
Alike becoming every state,
The humble, moderate, or great;
Heed not, tho' tonish Flirts should say,
"What horrid creature goes that way?
Such mauvaise honte! no je ne scais quoi,
Such mien barbare I never saw."
Would you a treasure cast aside,
Because, if kept, such critics chide?
Be still, this gem, thy constant care,
And never cease with pride to wear;
That, which the wise, and good, approve,
Alas, how few! but deem their love.

Outweighing far the vain applause,
Which for a moment fashion draws;
From that poor dissipated throng,
Which like the stubble, glares along;
A transitory, dazzling light,
Soon with but smoke, to grieve the sight:
Companions of blest innocence,
Your blushes ne'er be banish'd hence,
These thro' a foolish shame discarded,
Thy peace, and honour, were unguarded.

THE CONTRAST.

YOUTH, that tempestuous sea which flings to view,
Wreck, carcase, soil, and weed of sable hue;
'Tis manhood that presents us with the flood,
So smoothly flowing, to conceal its mud.

THE PUZZLE.

SHALL soft words make a dupe of thee?
No, trust that language which you see;
Held by the simple Indian, Truth,
Yet, how shall we direct our youth?
Tho' least equivocal, this style,
Actions are often us'd by guile;
The needy publican affords a sign,
He hopes to be well paid for, by his wine.

OLD AGE.

If 'tis thro' time that Wisdom falls away,
Our world from wisdom wilfully must stray;
Who unto age commits her dearest hope,
Whether she trust in Prelate, or in Pope.
While guilty Indolence with pleasure reads,
Sir William's * page, and 'gainst her conscience pleads;
Youth, on the contrary, will scorn to doubt,
Where there's no flame, that every spark is out;
Patience, successful, at the white ash blows,
And the grey head, to her, its wisdom shews.

AGE AND TIME.

Cruel Time, what have you done?
Thou who us'd to fly and run;
To make my wretchedness compleat,
Dos't now with lead enwrap thy feet.

"The heaviness is at thy heart,"
Cries Reason, come to take his part;
And this the burden of her song,
Old Time cannot stay with you long.

---

* When reflecting on the opinion of Sir William Temple, that "No man rides to the end of that stage, (50 years) without feeling his journey in all parts, whatever distinctions are made between the body and mind, or between the judgment and memory."

SLEEP.

To Sleep.

SLEEP, thou handmaid of the Gods,
Smoother of the ruffled brow;
Quieter of Grief and Pain;
'Tis to thee I'd make my bow.

Odours passing thro' the air,
Melody hid in the trees;
'Tis in vain to you I cry,
'Tis in vain myself I teaze.

Thee Summer, I caress no more,
No more your absence I shall weep;
'Mongst dust and flies, haste! haste away!
'Tis Winter that's the friend to Sleep.

THE WATCHMAN.

HARK! the dirge of night is sung,
By the trembling palsied tongue;
Or lazy youth, is left to guess,
From wheezing Asthma, morning's dress;
To guess, if this is black, or grey,
Or, if she'll smiling meet the day;
Recumbent listening to those,
Who in old age must sell repose:
By Time, of so much health bereft,
Must sell the little all, that's left;

How guilty! if we don't conclude,
Our night with hymns of gratitude.

ON SLEEP.

EVERY blessing upon earth,
With Sleep compar'd, is nothing worth*;
For with all others, who can chuse,
But grant, there goes a fear to lose;
So much for life, what can Art do,
For dying men but mimic you:
Sweet Sleep, whom none of us despise,
Until awaked to share the skies.
On earth, or laid, within it deep,
Still turning to the charmer Sleep;
Each sublunary bliss, this one
Including, yet perceived by none:
Must such a paradox imply,
As, 'tis a bliss, from bliss to fly.

THE INVITATION.

I SAID to Sleep, why this delay,
Thro' which imperious Grief shall say,
"The Gods themselves must me obey."

---

* "I know not what can tend more to repress, all the pas-
"sions that disturb the peace of the world, than the considera-
"tion that there is no height of happiness, or honour, from
"which, man does not eagerly descend to a state of unconscious
"repose; that the best state of life is such, that we contentedly
"quit its good to be disentangled from its evils," says the Idler.

Ah Somnus, we confess you're brought,
By such reflections just to nought;
Or, like the weakest man at best,
Whom every passion can molest;
Which proves to us the heathen rout,
Were in these matters widely out;
Harpocrates is but a slave,
That's bought and sold by every knave.

TO CENSORIA.

WISHING to make Censoria easy,
" Good Madam, let no panic seize ye;
" Who are most cautious of mistake,
" For should your neighbour lie awake,
" Perhaps, not listening to a vice,
" But to his conscience over nice;
" Or 'mongst those causes we could mention,
" The Proteus, whom we call Invention,
" Is conjuring up th' idea latent,
" To bring down glory, or a patent;
" Whether he would with Goldsmith write,
" Or make boots, pleasing to your sight.
" Invention can so rack his brain,
" That sleep is overcome by Pain,
" Or by a dream dissolv'd his reign:
" Where Fear, tenacious of his breath,
" Lies panting to escape from death;
" Saturnia's bird her care displays,
" On earth, Care looks a *thousand* ways:

" Nor strange, your mortal has the odds,
" Care no familiar of the gods;
" And what tho' Grief, should slowly creep,
" She joins the enemies of sleep."

TO SLEEP.

MYSTERIOUS Power, what art thou?
Beside the Monarch at his plough;
And the wan Peasant on a throne,
What wonders by thy might are done;
Who art thro' custom held so cheap,
We bid the Infant, " Go to Sleep."

WHAT WE WOULD HAVE.

DEATH, the best thing Life has to give,
(For sleep is death,) why do you live?
Death is a crime from bowl, or pin,
And we would have " death unto sin."

TO SLEEP.

SURE every enemy is banish'd,
Since at the touch of Plutus, vanish'd *;

---

* In truth shut up till a certain hour. Fearing this will bring to mind those effeminate people the Sybarites, for whom, though no apology can be offered, we would here remind the reader, that Montaigne says, " some are of opinion, it dis- " orders the tender brains of children to awaken them by surprize " in the morning, and suddenly and violently to snatch them

No more the Esculapian bird,
Around Arcadia's plain is heard;
And thy lov'd silence, lur'd to dwell
Within my solitary cell.
Nod but acceptance of those charms
I have for thee, why from the arms
Belov'd, altho' inconstant sleep,
Of me your most devoted creep,
While cruel and capricious god,
Some despot sinks beneath your rod,
When he should rather feel those strokes,
Which from Astrea he provokes.
And it is you who might prolong
For all the dissipated throng,
Whom Mercury or Momus led,
Till by the morn forc'd to their bed;
Still more I'm told that you will hie
With Epicurus to his stye.
To comfort for the loss of sleep,
Oh! may I safe my conscience keep,
Which at this moment will declare
All my reproach to be unfair;

" from sleep, in which they are more profoundly involved than " we are, he (his father) caused me to be awakened out of it, " by some instrument of music." Why may it not affect those adults who have weak brains, and even some who have strong ones, to be awakened in an abrupt manner. I think Peter the Great could not bear to be awakened at all, but was always ill if he had not his sleep out.

Considering I maintain for ever
Th' inveterate foe to sleep, a Fever,
Tho' (offspring of a woe grown old)
A Fever that's slow paced, and cold.

MAN.

Poor Man! by weighty woes oppress'd,
'Mongst many a cause of weeping,
Is this that when you could find rest
You may do wrong by sleeping.

Since sleep, and rhyme, should we neglect
For them the meanest duty,
Becomes a sin; let these be check'd
By seeing Virtue's beauty.

ANOTHER.

Yes, in a double sense, 'tis true,
That men but act a part.*
For oh, how few! how very few!
Pretend t'expose the heart.

ANOTHER.

A man, you say, has only to contend
With his own follies, therefore he may mend,
But for the puppet there's so wide a scope,
We of his victory have but little hope.

* "All mankind are players."

WOMAN.

The Elopement.

As the fair Spring which from a marle is led
By froward Nature, o'er a rocky bed,
Throughout its mazy course where'er it winds,
Still cruel opposition's all it finds.
Here, over precipices forc'd to go,
And there, compell'd thro' narrow vales to flow,
Shall the poor truant from a parent's side,
Encount'ring, simple maid, a world untried;
The tyrant meet; for do whate'er she can,
The hapless wanderer must be met by man,
Who introduces to gigantic vice,
Or bids her follow some low prejudice.
Too rash my muse, such streams may sometimes glide
O'er the smooth slate; and generous spirits guide
To peace and joy, the once unthinking woman,
But for this latter case, who says 'tis common?

WOMAN AND WORLDLY VIRTUE.

FROM poets and philosophers 'tis true,
That female talents sometimes get their due,
But mere men of the world bestow'd by you.
On woman, is that far superior praise,
Which both your scorn * and fear to her conveys.

* Scorned, yet feared " by him, who going in a crowd must " first go one way and then another, keep his elbows close, re-

TIME.

Alchymy.

Beside that art by man profest,
There is an art within the breast:
And this he fondly exercises
As passion or his school advises.
What 'tis, in secret, he projects,
We only guess from the effects.
Wealth we behold to honours turn;
To sell their honour some men burn.
Not that the miser's bosom glows,
It's heat like yonder sordid mows
Your virtuous, from each bitter dose
The extraction of a sweet propose.
Sages of old consum'd their leisure,
While hammering at the greatest treasure.
But for the chef-d'œuvre, when
We listen, hear the hour ten.*
Moderns attempting to sublime,
What should they subtilize but Time?

" tire, advance, or quit the direct way, according to what he " encounters, and must live not so much according to his own " method as that of others; not according to what he purposes " to himself, but according to what is proposed to him accord- " ing to the time, according to men, according to occasions."

* " Nobility, gentry, and students, ordinarily go to dinner at " eleven before noon, out of term, in the universities. Scholars " dine at ten." Notes to Hume's Hist. of Eng. vol. iv. p. 464.

Who flies to human power display:
Since man can turn night into day.

TIME MISREPRESENTED.

How ardently my heart embraces
Nature, thro' all her feather'd races.
These mark sly Time, who, in disguise,
Is brought by Ignorance to our eyes;
Whether in picture or in rhyme,
Still thus disguis'd we meet with Time,
Wrinkl'd, stooping o'er his scythe;
Whereas for ever young and blythe,
Behold how rapidly he flies,
O'er Earth, and constantly defies
The matron, whose most vigorous son
But serves him just to try it on.
Yet Jenyns, if we credit thee,
Time never was, and cannot be.

THE CARRIER PIGEON.

Together with those countless pairs,
Which tir'd of naming, man calls cares;
(Many of which say by their hue,
Miss Fancy, we belong to you.)
Fate bred to carry and to bring,
Time. Thou gray pigeon of rank wing
Haste from the heaven's golden cope
With signs of grace, t'encourage hope
'Ere thou art to the sinner's sight
Lost, who with thee must lose the light.

THE BELLMAN IN THE ORCHARD.

TIME goes his round, tho' no rude wind shall blow,
The blossom withers that the fruit may grow.
Thus Beauty fades, while Wisdom shall increase,
But Time goes on, till this to grow shall cease,
Time with indifference shall upon his way,
See Hamet's wit and nonpareils decay.

TIME DONOR.

TIME gives to youth, but takes from age.
Yet hold here peeps that hermitage
(An abbey once) or castle wall;
And pray is it not fair to call
These noble ruins? In some cases,
Time to decay can give the graces,
And when, (to quote the moral page)
" The head is *silver'd* o'er by age:"
Who is there walks this world so mad,
But must confess 'tis charms to add.

THE VICTIM OF TIME.

EQUALITY might range the wood,
Or lave in the unsounded flood;
For when we get a glimpse of tillage,
Or, but a Merioneth village;
Experience proves that there shall be
No longer an Equality.
At least should Novelty give birth
To this, on cultivated earth,

How vain were all attempts to rear,
The monster's death from Time is near.

THE PANTOMIME, BY FATHER TIME.

WHAT accident (we often say)
By fate decreed to cross our way,
Ere bathing in ————'s main
Sol leaves behind that crimson'd train,
In which we presently see drest
The meanest cloud, who travels west,
Until the Ethiop queen * appears;
Who'd know the treasure that she wears,
Must learn to count the glittering stars.
All this and more perform'd by Time,
Great master of the pantomime.
With silent step, and finger clean,
Shall he thus often change the scene,
At most to be inspected by
That critic dark, the human eye?
No. Angels wonder from the sky.
Tho' to the assertion of a wit,
(" Men in the *lowest* † station sit;)"

---

* "Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear."—SHAKSPEARE.

† The writer having *now* by her Montaigne, as well as several other authors mentioned in these notes, perceives she has confused Montaigne's idea (vol. ii. p. 157, 8th edition) by applying what he says of the universe in some measure to the world; but after all, it may be questioned whether it is more desirable to swim than to walk.

Perhaps some persons don't agree,
But still preferring land to sea,
Bid Fancy, ever active, hail
On every weed its proper snail;
While sponges shall be found to creep,
Round rocks, broad-rooted 'midst the deep.

THE FOLLOWING ARE ON THE WORLD, THIS LIFE, AND THIS EARTH.

This Life.

THIS Life's to Joan a tub to wash in:
To Lubberkin a barn to thresh in:
A blow enlivens your Flaharties:
Self-interest is the life of parties.
And see! thro' the unwinder Time,
———'s thread run rough just like her rhyme.

DEATH, A LINK-BOY.

IN this vast theatre should we
Imagine, what can never be;
That Fortune constantly should smile,
Envy keep silence all the while;
Should we not fear e'en Slander's breath,
Friendship above us and beneath;
Tho' only thro' affection press'd,
Yet by the crowd some men distress'd
So much, they with him grim and lean,
Shall gladly fly from this gay scene.

SIR BERTRAM.

WISDOM thro' knowledge of the world, shall save
Her son from being made that creature's slave.
How opposite acts cunning by the knave!
Who taught the world's capricious steps to follow,
Shall now the stoic strut, again to wallow.
How have we mourn'd, Sir Bertram led astray
'Gainst his best friend, the guilty lance to sway.
Honour awaits not (tho' disguis'd) 'tis shame
Esquires, the wretched champion to a dame,
Fair thro' enchantment: guess our knight's surprise
Who finds the witch out, as for her he dies.
Here, only life is thro' delusion lost,
But we must fear a soul will be the cost
To those, who this world as their mistress boast.

THE EXPERIMENT.

"WHAT live for aye?" Honestus cries,
"Within this vale; no, we will rise
"To see of this fair world the fashion."
He sees, and dies of indignation.

ON A PERSON SAYING SHE MUST DO LIKE THE REST OF THE WORLD.*

AND when you do this, believe me my friend,
Such doings as these you can only defend

* Montaigne, vol. ii. p. 487, quoting Seneca: "I am not ambitious we say, but a man cannot live otherwise at Rome; I

By the asseveration most true, that you don't
Remember one syllable spoke at the font.
Such doings I fear me, that spirit applauds,
Who lures us from Heaven by gewgaws and gauds.

THE JOURNEY OF LIFE.

EACH stage our courage with fresh food supplied,
Mock'd there by sands, here adamants are tried,
E'en by the wise not every foe is past,
Since Fear shall lie in ambush to the last.
But yet too blest, our enemies too tame,
Man courting danger on his way would game.
Offended Reason one weak ray denies,
Out of the road to happiness he dies.

THE FOIL.

That, we now meet with is no more,
Than our experience taught before.
When things are at the very best,
Who is it feels that he is blest?
This day looks fair, thro' shade we borrow,
From the past Ethiop, or to morrow;
For whom we think our Fate prepares,
That brow still deeper mark'd by cares;
Or, shall we say this Earth's a soil,
Whose brightest jewel needs a foil?

" am not wasteful, but the city requires a great expence. Let " us not look abroad for our disease, it is in us: and ouf not " perceiving ourselves to be sick, even renders us the more hard " to be cured."

LIFE.

AWHILE upon this earth,
We wonder and we blunder;
But soon grown nothing worth,
They're glad to put us under.

THE NEW WORLD.

WHEN quite sick of this world, I call in the Muse,
For 'tis she who creates such a world as we'd choose;
Where foes will hear reason, and friends are all true,
The fields ever verdant, and skies ever blue.
As econd Hibernia (may not we pronounce?)
Where the fruit and the flower regale us at once.*
Each poet a Goldsmith, each beauty a Gunning,†
No mischievous reptile here, that is, no cunning.
Just rapt by the muse to her island of bliss,
Care shakes his gray locks, and remands us to this.

NO QUARTER.

IF peculiar your fortune, or colour of mind,
No Quarter from one of the legion you'll find,
Who 'twixt Custom and Fashion dividing devotion,
Of the rebels to either, conceive the worst notion.

---

* The lake of Killarney is famed for the arbutus.

† As were both the Duchess of Hamilton and Countess of Coventry.

GIDDINESS.

We doubt not but the World goes round,
Within such giddy heads are found.

THE WORLD'S EYE.

No doubt with this or that comply,
Because most pleasing to the eye,
Which so much needs a remedy;
It such a vicious rheum beguiles
That oft the dullest demon smiles,
When it against the purest light
Is shut, and open'd on the night.
That eye so truly viewing things
From the felicity of kings,
So dazzling; to the wholesome shade
Most dismal by its humour made.
This eye which cannot pierce the cell
Where Industry is forc'd to dwell;
Thro' the insolvence of Sir Rake,
Whom for the generous it will take,
Let Wisdom bring in her account
Of its discoveries, and the amount.
When Time sums up, shall to the wonder
Of fools* be found in total blunder.

THE SHOW.

To see the World that wond'rous show,
Fond youth with eagerness would go.

---

*The wicked, in scriptural language.

Well entertain'd by much stage trick
He is a while, but now grown sick.
Not caring what they are about,
His only care is to get out.
Sick of the world you may conclude
The remedy is Solitude.
But he who sick'ning of himself shall fly
To Death, for cure, may wait Eternity.

ANOTHER.

THO' Flash at very small expence
Had made the world his bubble,
He cries (now grown a man of sense)
It won't repay my trouble.

THE AUTUMNAL SUN-SET.

SHED o'er these yellow leaves, pale Autumn's beam,
The golden sun of jocund June you seem;
The grove now cheerful, shews the world what power
Connexions have to cheat it—for an hour.

TO DEATH.
Going to Bed.

AN aching heart, an aching head,
Friendly pow'r prepare my bed
Within your dark and silent cave,
By the vulgar call'd a Grave.

There 'tis with such a balm you steep,
My eyes for ever cease to weep;
Tremor no more shall seize these joints,
And from the heart she disappoints
Hope chased, 'tis her deceiving now.
To Heaven vain murmuring spirit bow.
The wish'd retreat must not be yet,
Some all-wise purpose it would let.
Patience, persuasive Saint, I grant,
'Tis thy blest documents I want;
Hasten to save from that despair,
Who watches for the child of care.

ON DEATH.

As the dullest by woeful experience are taught,
The extravagant price at which pleasures are bought,
Now reflecting on this I full often have thought,
That for man to get rid of his fetters of clay,
And from this most tyrannical world slip away,
No less than Death, pains he's permitted to pay.

ANOTHER.

ALTHO' the Parent of uncertainty,
Yet with good angels Death were rank'd by me,
(Abating something of his pride,)
If he those terrors threw aside,
With which corporeal sense he braves,
As he commands men to their graves.

ON THE CHILDREN OF THE LATE MRS. ——,

With whom I contracted a Friendship in our Childhood, which I enjoyed through Life without Interruption.

---

*On seeing **** weep when his Brother was in Danger of swallowing a Glass Bead.*

To shew in luxury she wallow'd,*
How fine a pearl the gipsey swallow'd.
Now, we behold a charmer, who
Can't fairly reckon summers two,
All unseduc'd by imitation,
Approaching this queen's situation.
His play an elder infant leaves,
Runs to his mother's knee, and grieves.
Oh! might my flimsy stuff enwrap
It, until time shall give this drop
Excelling pearls in Heaven's eye,
T'enrich a brother's memory.

ON MISS ——, BEING AWAKENED BY CANDLE-LIGHT.

ANN smiles when other babes would weep,
How sweetly smiles! tho' torn from sleep,
"As to the rest she triumphs cheap,"
(The hov'ring sprite of Hayley cries)
"Who by just opening her eyes
The flaming minister† defies."
But fear anticipates the time

---

* Here Anthony followed the pig.

† See Shakspeare.

When beaux accuse me of a crime,
Eclipse the sun, and burn my rhyme.

ON MY SON ———, AT ———.

Dear Boy, while with your vital heat,
Hoping to warm my clay-cold feet:
Tho' there, disease mocks every art,
You breathe new life into my heart.

ON MY DAUGHTER BRINGING FLOWERS TO MY PILLOW.

How fair a sign, indulgent powers!
The virgin strews my couch with flowers.
But how my friend shall I persuade
Yon poppies here by chance were laid:
Or that the damsel had not chose
This catchfly to express the rose;
That rose herself ten summers old
(If more her age had not been told)
No heart's ease! just as if dear brat!
She knew her fondness gave me that.

THE CHESTNUT-TREE, TO THE SAME.

Take my advice, dear little friend;
Those spirits hoard, till Heaven shall send
The hour in which you well may spend;
For know, around some powder'd head
The farinaceous nut was shed
By yonder prodigal, who grieves,
He now to want can give but leaves.

ON MY SON SENDING ME THE FLOWER OF A MIDNIGHT CERES, IN HIS WINTER GLOVES.

DEAR Boy, to wave the satisfaction
Felt from your motive to the action,
We grant the Flower which you sent
Might to a florist give content.
But in that glove which kept you warm
It is, I find the strongest charm.
Here on the pressure of your fingers,
Imagination fondly lingers.
A challenge far from scorn'd, this glove
Is hoarded by maternal love.

MY CHILDREN,

IN this little room,
That's low and narrow as a tomb,
This room which has for ages stood,
And which now stands within a wood,
Where, (envied not the boasted gift *
Enjoy'd by Chesterfield and Swift),
We have on many a wint'ry day
Laugh'd those most precious hours away;
Begun by hugs and how d'ye do's;
And well, and what said Mr. ———.
Come, let us choose your Sunday-coat;
This penknife cost me but a groat.
"Embroid'ry finish'd!" all surprise
"Were not you bid to spare your eyes?"

* Gravity of countenance.

But now behold, young men come down,
To tell me all about the Town:
How great the changes they can tell,
About a place I knew so well;
And then we chat o'er Guernsey's primate,
Police, and most delightful climate;
For there the peasant treads on roses *,
And Gent's train cranesbills o'er their houses.
Or ev'ry child partakes the crime
Of helping me to mend a rhyme.
On these scenes pond'ring in this room,
Which is so very like a tomb;
I see that day when on each other,
You look, and recollect,

Your Mother. †

GARDEN.

WHILE ——— round her garden walks,
'Tis with herself she often talks;
Of what, if any wish to see,
Such only have to follow me,
Over these sometime snowy plains,
Which now, this inky stream distains.

---

* There is a trailing kind in that island.

† Several pieces concerning my children, previous to the year, 1801, are not inserted; being of too pensive and peculiar a turn.

THE IRIS.

Written in November.

WELL, since Mirth's run away,
Upon this dismal day,
Let me sit down to brag,
With my favourite flag;
Not the Peony red,
Near yon Lavender bed;
That big bladder so bright,
Which a cherry we write;
Nor those Pinks in full bloom,
Can enliven the gloom;
Like this flag with new leaves,
Which grow far less like sheaves,
Than like fans. From its pods,
Fruit is pour'd to tempt gods;
Tho' the silly birds skip,
This, for holly and hip;
And when all things were gay,
Mark the Iris in gray;
From which this is most clear,
That she wisely gave ear,
To what you have just read,*
Which I anxiously said,
To my dear little Miss,
For the rhyme's sake, yes, yes,
It owes much more than that,
For its fibbing in brat.

* See Chestnut tree.

CREEPING MOUSE-EAR.

NATURE's entitled to our thanks,
For her variety of pranks;
That pretty plant in yonder bed,
Is white as snow is often said;
Until its whiter flow'rs appears,
Methinks, 'tis thus some fop we hear:
With dimpled cheek, and wand'ring eye,
To the attentive Hebe cry;
" I bow'd to as the fairest earth,
" This hand, till now, when prais'd be mirth;
" Who did your slave's mistake disclose,
" To him revealing pearly rows;
" That might enrich the Orient coast,
" But for your smile (mirth's greatest boast),
" Within their perfum'd casket lost."
Thus coxcomb's who would gain a chit,
May win her by her grandsire's wit.

———'S GARDEN.

NOT the fam'd Garden of Versailles,
Nor that, whence gaudy Persia's gales;
Go loaded with its rich perfume,
Nor yet those (wrought by antique loom);
Which being *in* proud Babylon,
Britannia, wond'ring, gazes on;
Together with Leasowes and Kew,
Are equal dear nine foot to you;

All here, her little daughter's planting,
What to a mother can be wanting?

PEASE STUCK TOO LATE.

Here stand the many sticks and strong,
Whose help has been delay'd too long;
How vain now every effort's found,
To lift this peahaulm from the ground;
A place so odious to your Pease,
Rather they cling to sticks like these:
We recollect when skimming o'er,
The life of Madame Pompadour;
She lent her arm, but just in time,
To save from death the man of Rhyme;
Whose soul to dire despair surrender'd,
It's old companion thenceforth tender'd,
With the composure of a Brachmin,
To the insatiate jaw of famine.
Oh! Charles, what can we say for thee,
(A wit sans doute) when wits we see,
By famine hurried to that grave,
From which *your* mistress* did not save;
Who in this view at least looked dark,
To her who ruled the Grand Monarque.

---

* A friend observing that Charles's mistress might not know of starving poets; we beg pardon, if we have blackened her.

THE ACONITE, ON THE FIRST OF JANUARY.

COME, come my friend, it does not snow,
Come, run with me to see the shew;
'Tis from the baleful Aconite,
I now can promise you delight.
The Crocus, and most others *spear*,
Against a season less severe;
But this leaf, opening under ground,
The frost for many a week has bound;
Proves Nature's haste to shew her power,
To the New Year in this weak flower;
And that she won't be always dizening,
But has a pretty taste for poisoning.

ON SEEING A HALF BLOWN PEONY,

Which was perishing in a Kitchen Garden, and recollecting those which grew at the Foot of variegated Hollies at Hampton Court.

BENEATH the pressure of an envious rain,
This Crimson Peony sinks, not on the plain;
But amongst Coleworts, Death, and dire disgrace,
Give here a pithy, hint on time and place:
At once of life and glory too despoil'd,
Thus the sweet May, bewail'd her noblest child;
" Hads't thou unequalled, but ill-fated flower,
" Blush'd to adorn proud Hampton's golden bower;
" To your full scope, if there forbid to spread,
" Yet at the feet of Princes you were shed;"

Thus Wolsey tho' he lived not to be crown'd*,
Resign'd his breath, on consecrated ground.

THE TURN-CAP, LILLY, AND EVERGREENS.

PART of this tale receive as fact,
To which the fabulous is tack'd;
Just as we honest broad-cloth find,
With cloth of meaner texture lin'd.
Between a laurel and a holly,
Which berryless ~~stood~~ melancholy; *look'd*
A stalk arose until it stood,
Beneath a cap whose red so good,
That tho' no Romish † name it bore,
Young Agnes would this flow'r adore:
And cry, "your beauties brighter glow,"
Thus plac'd, while glancing at the row;
The Holly who affronts, wont bear,
Its thorn directed at the fair;
With I, who in the dreary day,
Have made your House, nay Temple gay;
When this so flatter'd, to be short,
When this, and all like this, you court;
Have sculk'd for some months underground,
'Tis then I shed delight around:
And "says the Laurel," to your feast,
I bring the richness of the East;

---

* With the triple crown.

† St. Bruno's Lily, Cardinal Flower, &c.

Beside uniting with my peer,
To veil the horrors of your year:
Yet for this fragile blossom scorn'd,
For, that 'tis transient, ye are warn'd.
Tho' such complexions you espouse,
The Bird of Wisdom loves our house;
While those are butterflies at best,
Who can on gaudy lilies rest;
Down to a Hall which long had stood,
To see new follies fell its wood:
Leaving for future time their mark,
By thus disfiguring its park;
The courtier drives, the million doat,
And to his Honour trust their vote:
" If Allworthy has cloathed and fed,
" The Colonel bares to us his head;"
But here comparison must break,
The source of all his pride so weak;
Not as our Martagon, again
This Red-coat dazzles Greensted's plain.

THE PUFF BALL.

LET those who are not doom'd to try,
This Puff Ball, praise it, but not I:
Who of my Catechist should learn,
At such another Ball to spurn;
Which shall, 'tis true, look smooth and fair,
But for the good pretended there;
Stoop very low, indeed we must,
When all within it turns to dust.

THINNING SEEDLINGS.

MEN, whom we find in Cities pent,
Tho' seldom tall, are often bent;
When one who does not understand,
Good Husbandry, with lavish hand,
Bestows his grain; th' oppressed earth,
To but a sickly crop gives birth:
So closely nature's wond'rous law,
Together can her kingdoms draw;
When half these Seedlings are thrown by,
What but a death to them am I?

THE DWARF ALMOND.

I CRY, as Celia in a pensive mood,
Turns from the Almond's now expanding bud;
So some fond mothers hardly reconcil'd,
To lose in womanhood, a lovely child.

ON A RED ROSE,

The Stem of which was perfectly concealed in a Holly Bush, out of which the Flower peeped at the Height of Six Feet from the Ground.

YES, flaunting flower, we scent your story,
How 'twas you reach'd this pitch of glory:
Scorning, who by their parents stay,
You thro' old night, who would o'erlay,
A shoot less vigorous, met the day.

291647

From whom you must have stolen the power,
To look down on his fav'rite flower*:
The lofty convent by its gloom,
To low ambition seems a tomb;
As heads which seek a shelter there,
Scatter fore-Heav'n the pride of Hair;
Which most contemptible is grown,
To those expecting there a crown:
Yet, may the aching eye and joint,
The girdle arm'd with many a point;
To no more holiness give scope,
Than is requir'd to make a Pope.
We dream of red hats, while our foes
Cry out, what's all this to the Rose?
But who is there that won't with me
Exclaim, oh! here it is we see?
As the historic page displays,
How thro' unnatural, and bye-ways,
The wily Lancaster could work,
To raise his house 'bove that of York.
Like thee, no risk could him appal,
And we foretell like it you'll fall.
Say from that ruin which you tempt,
Vain flower, what is there to exempt?
Thee, thus conspicuous, that pert Boy,
Who robs our Garden, shall destroy:

* The Sun-flower.

For your superior glow this Thorn *,
Is brav'd by saunterers in the morn;
Or Jane, while it tolls twelve at night,
Snatches for her Midsummer's rite:
Poor girl, with Superstition big,
No sooner she begins to dig,
Than frighten'd by the pallid ghost,
Of Coz, who in her love was crost:
By Gay's, this Rose taught to complain,
Breathes forth, "Why this ungrateful strain?
"When just as easily 'twere said,
"Here we behold some pious maid;
"Above the wounding envy rise,
"Terrestrial glory scorn'd, her eyes
"Thro' sympathy, turn'd to the skies.
"Their beauties veil'd from us by light,
"An Angel this to mortal sight."
We stand reprov'd, and to this plant,
That safety in our pow'r we grant;
Which from her danger makes deductions,
Who gives good counsel on constructions.

IN OCTOBER.

PENSIVE you lean upon our garden gate,
To, in yon Cherry's view the Beauty's fate;
Once a pale blossom, then what tempting red,
Now a streak'd yellow, and to-morrow dead.

---

* The Holly.

ON SEEING A PEACH TREE, WHICH GREW IN AN ANGLE, FORMED BY TWO WALLS.

Written in November.

It is where the austerest fruits arrive,
At their perfection, this poor Peach must live;
Still an exotic, live to feel the frost,
Its bloom and flavor in a corner lost:
Here the congenial climate not allow'd,
We read its fall in yon impending Cloud.
From Gallia torn, from her voluptuous Court,
Behold the Queen* now shuddering into Port;
Soon in Parisian dance to take the lead,
While Zealots groan for vengeance on her head:
Their eager wish for manners most precise,
Shall but precipitate her steps to vice.
With Pity then, but ah! what does she hear?
It is her sigh shall wake, on Darnley's bier †,
That flame, which for Maria checks the tear.

THE ELM, IN THE FLOWER GARDEN.

Pride can be useful, but by pride misplac'd,
Virtue is hurt, and Pride itself disgrac'd;

---

* Of Scots.

† Darnley's body was found in a field, possibly carried there on some part of the house, which was then blown up by gunpowder. See Hume, vol. 5, p. 107.

Tho' now umbrageous, but to kill each flow'r,
This Elm with care, had arch'd the Woodbine bow'r:
Or if, t' extend its vig'rous arms design'd,
Then on the Lawn, we should by Wisdom find,
It set, to guard this parterre from the wind.

THE PERENNIAL LUPIN.

May ——.

For me, no rich Carnations glow,
Nor costly Tulips here may grow;
Yet 'mongst those plants, that mark my way,
Brought hither by the early May,
Behold young Lupins, and in them
It is, I boast a hoard of gem;
For just enough, each palm is spread,
To save the dew-drop from the bed;
And here it rests secure from stain,
'Till Phœbus sips it up again.
Now Fancy, (for thus far is true),
Says, for preserving this fam'd dew,
Tho' Sol will not exert his pow'r,
To paint with gaudy tints the flow'r,
Those leaves which scarcely pass'd life's porch,
Serv'd him so well, no beam shall scorch;
And in the mildew of the year,
The Lupin healthy shall appear;
Thus shall a pious Youth engage,
The blessing of a cheerful age.

FRUIT STOLEN.

THE sweets t' enclose,
Of yonder Rose,
Nature gives Moss and Thorn;
But to its eye,
The humble fly,
Comes ravaging in scorn.

Thus, tho' the rich,
With hedge and ditch,
Art, fences round about;
The poor shall scale,
His highest pale,
And carry treasure out.

THE BEE, AND THE AMERICAN SUN-FLOWER.

October.

AT length the Bee had almost climb'd a flower,
Already was preparing to devour,
Thus far, an insect's will, outflew its power.
When by a peevish Fortune being tost,
Upon a frozen Thistle, he was lost;
Thus, fell great Raleigh, prematurely cold,
By James encounter'd, from his hills of Gold.

THE NASTURTIUM, AND APPLE TREE.

Is this the once gay flower which was led,
To adorn this Tree? Yes, when the Tree was dead,
(Tho' brighter beams on the Nasturtium shed,)
It turn'd quite pale, stretching those frosts to meet,
Through which it clings, tho' but a winding sheet.

TO MR. PLANT.

Let us as we saunter through,
Find her resemblance, lov'd by you;
'Tis in this flower fair, as small
We have her features, tho' too tall:
This stem, so perfectly genteel,
Her form, 'twill otherwise reveal;
And then (it is with grief we speak),
Just like her health by being weak;
While in its pliancy, we find
That gentleness which gives her mind,
Whose manners were we to complete,
Its earliest blossom not so sweet.
There foliage grave, and pleasant too,
May of her humour paint the hue;
The *tout ensemble* can express,
Our lovely fav'rites air and dress:

Says Damon, willingly I grant,
That in your Jasmin lives my *Plant* *;
But should this picture raise a blush,
Zephyr must help us from yon bush.

THE CRUMPLING.

THE appetite of youth so good,
Why stays he then to cull his food?
For in those sun-shine days, when we
Are cap'ring to the Codling Tree,
The Cheek of health, our taste don't suit,
Turn'd over, is the fair round fruit;
To that sophisticater, Dumpling,
While we are pocketing the Crumpling:
Just so, when we begin to read,
Th' "unvarnish'd tale," shall not succeed;
But who that volume can resist,
Where Fancy does from Nature twist?

THE SNOWSWEEPERS.

DEAR BOYS, shall I your kind intention baulk,
Who with a far superior joy must walk,
Where filial Piety has run before,
Tho' she the garb of childish pleasure wore?

---

* I could not deny myself the pleasure of inserting this little sketch, though I lament its being conveyed in so poor a vehicle as a pun.

Anticipating thus the solar ray,
As for my steps, you now prepare the way;
So before your's, thro' life's full arduous race,
May we perceive, there went the hand of Grace,
The year's old age methinks, should make us wise,
At least we are compell'd to moralize;
While Nature shews us by her wither'd face,
That the terrestrial Beauty, fades apace.
To meet the threat'ning cloud, it well may scorn,
Yon leafless spray, directs its ebon thorn;
No harbour there, for the insidious flake,
Which with the breeze, a farther flight must take;
Snowy with blossoms in some distant Spring,
That the first shelter, for the brooding wing:
But to the foliage of this Bay descends,
That dazzling load, on which the gust depends
For much assistance, while the branch it rends.
Thus misers, forc'd with useless wealth to part,
Are at that moment wounded to the heart:
A virtuous Poverty here fears no crush,
Virtue hereafter, triumphs like the bush;
But by this time, your chestnuts may require
Another turn, let us then from the fire,
With gratitude, yon Winter-piece admire.

The other Side of the Question.

DECIDUOUS AND EVERGREENS.

How well, it with a vulgar prudence suits,
To drop your glory, to preserve your roots;
At least, it is no common storm destroys 'em,
These Evergreens, tho' each rude breath annoys 'em

ON THE COLCHICUM.

HERE Nature plays at hocus pocus,
'Tis first a Tulip, then a Crocus.

THE FALLEN APPLE.

SHAKEN by winds, by hail storms beat,
Earth had beneath it gasp'd with heat;
And yet you pendent from its tree,
Might yonder freckl'd Apple see:
At length it falls, in a sound skin,
The malady was found within;
Thus worketh an insidious fate,
With private Persons and with State:
In the domestic circle feeds,
Envy, 'till there she discord breeds,
And Civil war to ruin leads;
Where Foreign Enemies have long,
Been foil'd, tho' numerous and strong.

THE BUTTERFLY.

HOW very obvious the reflection,
That shews us, words disguise an action;
Jnst as these black and creeping things,
Are veil'd and lifted by their wings.

THE STANDARD APRICOT.

THO' 'tis by Luxury decreed,
That her dessert spoils half a mead,
The Orchard's offering too mean,
Yon lofty wall deforms the scene;

Yet, Nature's richest gifts are shed,
Upon this unsupported head;
To which your Connoisseurs direct,
Their slaves for Apricots bespeck'd;
While Ignoramus his long way,
Picks to, where Art, her tricks shall play;
By a fine polish to allure ye,
From ——— *, to the trash of Drury;
Appearance, is that common Cheat,
Thro' whom we disappointment meet;
Yet in a world like this, we must,
To an external sometimes trust.

TO A CYPRESS,

Which grew rapidly, but with weak Branches.

FRIEND Cypress, why do you grow so fast?
Good Mistress, I make so much haste
To grow, that I may bud, and bloom
In time to ornament your tomb:
To Curiosity's relief
When going, overtook by Grief,

ON MY DEAR FRIEND.

WITH thee, I have the mountain cross'd,
Upon the foamy wave been toss'd;
Have seen the Winter's rugged sway,
Ten † times relent to Spring, and play

---

* A famous city fruiterer.

† Now more than twenty years.

With only thee, have dragg'd these years,
Made heavy by a load of fears;
And tho' the giddy may admire,
Of thee, my friend, I never tire.
Time, who joins hearts as well as bricks,
'Tis true, amongst his various tricks,
That which cemented from them picks:
But 'twixt our hearts, love has so long
Remain'd, thro' time, their union's strong.

ON HER GOING OUT.

'Tis said, the illustrious Commander,
Or Maniac, yclep'd Alexander;
Bereft of his friend, brutes were shorn,
And every wall condemn'd to mourn;
But mine, a higher strain shall be,
I' the Ides of March, depriv'd of thee:
In vain shall Phœbus court the earth,
To bring forth sweets, of these a dearth;
I'll cause, and fill with fœtid heads,
To Somnus sacred, all my beds:
Met but by these, Midsummer's dew,
Shall drop a bitter tear for you.

WHEN SHE WAS PENSIVE.

It well becomes thee to be sad,
Thro' whom so many hearts are bad;
As how, is quickly understood*.
If there can be but so much good

* See S. Jenyns.

On earth, we certainly shall dare
To say, you've many a neighbour's share.

ANOTHER.

THESE, by descent possess my love,
But you, to me, are treasure trove;
And should we look this world around,
How few, have such a treasure found!

ANOTHER.

SEEKING that man, who does not this regard,
But to the next world, looks for his reward;
If, 'tis with disappointment* we must roam,
This soul inspires a Female at our home:
And thus, when vainly from yon boundless sea,
We hop'd for Health, or from an Araby;
On our own shore, a smiling fate shall grant
Her, thro' the balm of some familiar plant;
Or she arising from the cress-veil'd Spring,
O'er us shall shake her renovating wing.

PLUTARCH †.

Hannibal.

THAT Virtue by the Tiber grew
To her full stature, is not true;

---

* Which has not always been the case.

† The following pieces were oftener written from recollection than while reading.

Yet Fame so loudly blew about
Rome's praises, reach'd the infernal rout,
Whose Hope through all that region ran,
With "No consistency in man."
But how shall we pourtray to you,
The Hope that dwells with such a crew?
Supposing our idea fair,
She is the same with man's despair,
And from the quav'ring Gabrielle *,
We may her sweetest simper tell.
Those Horrors which her charms renew,
Wring from the couch of pain their dew;
At her known yell Revenge arose,
Thus muttering as to earth she goes.
"To Rome its Laurels they restore,
"But with these fingers dropping gore
"I'll from this envied chaplet take
"Enough, that fatal dose to make,
"Carthage shall swallow for my sake."

CATO THE YOUNGER.

WHEN Cato thro'the Libyan deserts pass'd
By serpents met, and subtler Cæsar chas'd;
With wonder gods beheld what this man bore,
Yet Cato liv'd, till he could bear no more.

---

* Yet for any thing we know the famous singer of that name performed without the frightful grimaces of most of her sisterhood.

For that debasing and destructive * act,
Had Rome to thank the tenets of a sect;
Their inconsistency so quickly prov'd,
To death those forcing, who cannot be mov'd!
Or, must we grant, fatigue and noxious air
Could subject even Cato to despair?
To some ignoble power his soul must bow,
Whose hand could give so kind a slave a blow.

ON THE SAME.

As 'twas thro' custom in those days
Of darkness, men would sometimes raise
Up the envenom'd bowl, or sword,
To end that life which they abhorr'd,
The Roman, tho' a captive led,
Outstepp'd those who as usual fled
To death; and Cato might have said,
"All men by Custom chain'd, shall see
"That worst of Tyrants yield to me."
Allow that we are putting quite
Out of our view blest Bethlehem's light,
We must admire those then found brave
Enough to bear the name of Slave.

* Destructive, as it is supposed that after the death of Cæsar, Cato might have restored the liberty of Rome.

PETITION TO THE PREMIER.

THINK not, O great and mighty Sir,
I'd speak of slight offences,
No—I reveal a grievous plot,
Of darkest consequences

Yet I ask not the culprits should
Be hurt by chains or beating,
A great Tax laid on little Types
Is all that I'm entreating.

Tho' it bring in but little cash,
Yet this should not be minded,
To save the generation which
Now peeps, from being blinded.

How friendly to that various throng,
Who daily hammers handle,
And now to book are gone, alas!
With but a farthing candle.

A vows when Crispin's thus set down
To his new work of thinking,
As here the intellectual light
Must be considered blinking.

'Twere better to extinguish both,
More good he does by sleeping;
But *B* would have them read at home,
T'abolish alehouse keeping.

While these dispute, behold poor I,
'Mong many volumes poking,
To choose my author by his type,*
Which is —— is most provoking.

Great Sir, regard I cannot doubt
You to my suit are paying,
So your petitioner may see
For whom she's to be praying.

LYCURGUS.

YES, yes, Lycurgus took the way,
Corruption he could only lay
Beneath thy ruin, Gold.
For sure it is, where'er you live,
Or paper representative,
All of this world is sold.

PYRRHUS.†

WHEN to a bird, and one so low,
As is the hoarse discordant crow,
No meaner way Death dared to come,
Than by the voice of ancient Rome;‡

* If a great book is a great evil, a great book with a small type, is to the old, or invalid, but waste paper.

† Pyrrhus must submit to tag a rhyme as well as Charles the Twelfth. See Johnson's Vanity of Human Wishes.

‡ See Life of Pompey.

For thunder see the hero wait.
Thro' the capriciousness of Fate,
She by a strange reverse of style
To Pyrrhus shall direct a tile.

PLUTARCH'S ESSAY ON HEARING.

It seems as if we might be proud,
Since Learning's voice is now so loud,
'Tis heard e'en by our lowest youth;
Yet he's a wand'rer from the truth,
Wide as were those of that rude day,
When Wisdom but in rochets lay.
T'explain the mystery, I fear,
As Plutarch says, Youth does but—HEAR.

THE SACRIFICE TO ÆSCULAPIUS.*

We oft have heard th' Athenian sage much blam'd,
Because, tho' long of heathen faith asham'd,
He with his dying breath the truth could mock,
By that injunction of the offer'd Cock.
In his excuse, good folks, you are to know,
That my familiar sprite will have it so.
Seeing his loss must make poor Crito ill,
Our kind Philosopher declares his will,
(Tho' from the multitude conceal'd by froth)
Is that friend Crito sup some chicken broth;

*As we are told by G. F. Muir, Professor of Philosophy at Halle, and Member of the Royal Academy there, Socrates jested at his death, hope we may be allowed the following.

At least, allow not very far this strain,
To be from suiting the uncommon vein
Of him, who could ignoble death embrace,
As did our Moore with an unlengthen'd face:
For where's the Englishman who has not heard
That great man's dying joke upon his beard?

POETS.

*A Lecture on the Poets' Wigs.**

A CLEVER finger might compare,
Or twist into a mode of hair,
Each English Poet; but 'tis true,
Such hands have something else to do.
So while upon the lyre they play,
Scrub to the toilet must away.
But first for Addisonian prose, †
The tress that naturally flows
('Gainst the impertinent beholder)
Protective, o'er chaste beauties' shoulder.
Next this, such ringlets take their place
As might angelic forms embrace;
Ringlets, in which no trace of toil
Their captivating power shall spoil;
These, give us the Miltonic style.
But should Variety delight,
The dropping here, there wound up tight,

* Stevens's Lecture on Heads must have given rise to many trifles of this kind.

† Allegories which veil the truth.

You've the great manner and concise
Of Pope, and Young, when lashing vice.
Now from dame Nature far retir'd,
See, for much curious whim admir'd.
The effect of many a torturing twirl,
A cawl *thick sown* with chestnut curl,
Which shall, methinks, our Cowley hit,
Thro' his tho' shining labour'd wit.
With heart at ease when he is read,
We compliment that writer's head.
The crape! what can this but surprise?
Oh! the abominable frize;
Not even glossy, we confess
Unrival'd but in littleness.
Candour herself despairs to praise
The wretched bard * of James's days,

---

* One of these, Joshua Sylvester, translated the Divine Weeks and Works of Du Bartas, out of French into English; dedicating it in verse to King James. It is a curious specimen of the writing of those days; for instance:

JAMES STUART, A JUST MASTER.

An Anagram.

For a just master have I labour'd long,
To a just master have I vow'd my best;
By a just master should I take no wrong,
With a just master would my life be blest.
In a just master are all virtues met,
From a just master flows abundant grace;
But a just master is so hard to get,
That a just master seems of Phœnix race;

Whose wit but Anagram and Pun,
Proves he suppos'd the laurels won

Yet a just master have I found in fine,
Of a just master if you question this;
Whom a just master I so full define,
My liege, James Stuart, a just master is;
And a just master could my work deserve,
Such a just master would I justly serve.

Voy Sire Saluste.

There are, I think, sixteen complimentary copies of verses to Sylvester (some in Latin, with collegiate dates); among which is the following from Ben Jonson:

TO MR. JOSHUA SYLVESTER.

Epigram.

If to admire were to commend, my praise
Might then both thee, thy work, and merit raise;
But as it is (the Child of Ignorance
And utter stranger to all air of France)
How can I speak of thy great pains but err,
Since they can only judge that can confer.
Behold the reverend shade of Bartas stands
Before my thought, and (in thy right) commands,
That to the world I publish for him this,
Bartas doth wish thy English now were his.
So well in that are his inventions wrought,
As his will now be the translation thought;
Thine the original, and France shall boast
No more those maiden glories she has lost.

B. Jonson.

By him when patience was display'd,
While quibbles were pick'd out, or made;
Yet to a King who wrote on witches, *
These may be literary riches.

And it appears to have gone through four editions; but alas! after all these encomiums on author and translator, we have this observation in Boileau's Art of Poetry, as made English by Sir William Soames, and revised by Dryden.

" Thus in times past Du Bartas vainly writ,
" Alloying sacred truth with trifling wit;
" Impertinently and without delight
" Describ'd the Israelites' triumphant flight;
" And following Moses o'er the sandy plain,
" Perish'd with Pharaoh in th' Arabian main."

There is more to the same purpose in this piece, yet in James the First's days lived Fairfax, and Ben Jonson. But Dryden says, " Ben Jonson was full of clenches, especially in " Every Man in his Humour; and what is worst, the wittiest " persons in the drama speak them; his other comedies are not " exempt from them." He adds, " This was then the mode of " wit, the vice of the age, and not of Ben Jonson. For you " see a little before him that admirable wit, Sir Philip Sydney, " perpetually playing on his words."

* It appears from a certain author, that James was supposed to have restrained himself from the denial of any such operations as witchcraft, out of regard to church and state, when he went so far as to charge the judges to be circumspect in condemning those committed by ignorant justices for diabolical compacts. He did also take the trouble himself to confute a boy, who pretended to be bewitched. Yet it is hard to reconcile this with poor Raleigh's account, who, while paying all court to James,

This hastily remov'd from view,
We one more tête present to you;
The last with our first* mentioned taste
In this who on a guess need waste
One moment, so exceeding plain
To all, which bard shall blend the 'twain.
These locks full long, and others tangl'd,
The scissars brought, a cry of "mangled."
To work goes many a great tooth,
And keen, endeavouring to smooth;

---

always supposes him to believe in them, as appears from these passages in Sir W. Raleigh's History of the World: "And it is "also right which his Majesty avoweth, that under the name of "magic, all other unlawful arts are comprehended, and yet doth "his Majesty distinguish it from necromancy, witchcraft, and "the rest, of all which he has written largely and most "learnedly; for the magic which his Majesty condemneth, is of "that kind whereof the devil is party." Again, "that witches "are also rightly called Venefici, or poisoners, and that there is "indeed a kind of Malefici, which, without any art of magic or "necromancy, are the helps of the Devil to do mischief, his "Majesty confirmeth in the first chapter of the second book; "speaking also in the fifth of their practice here, he adds pre-"parations by the Devil, and the old story of wax and clay "images again. The difference between necromancers and "witches his Majesty has excellently taught in a word, That "the one in a sort command, the other obey the devil." After all, the reader must give what credit he can to this king's belief in witches, and what allowance he can for his tolerating trials for witchcraft and necromancy.

* Milton.

Where Time, so tight had drawn the knot,
But slowly on this way they got;
While one a stranger in our nation
Presum'd, to judge of its old fashion;
Which of us, that shall not admire
Shakspeare, in spite of this attire?
A household god, while Winter reigns,
And when the Summer rules these plains;
Our very idol, tho' the knee,
Supports, instead of bends, to thee,
Beneath some fruitful Mulberry*.
Where reverie awaits his power,
Who not content with Nature's dower,
Would far beyond those regions tread,
And then its bright ideas lead,
To penetrate th' unschool'd head:
But here we must conclude our boast,
For on th' unhospitable coast,
Of dulness, Shakspeare's wit were lost.
We've pick'd up Criticism good †,
To satisfy our rhyming mood,
Which has, I fear, work'd to its wo,
Thus 'tis the solid Pat ‡ shall go

* See Songs made for Shakspeare's Jubilee, about the year 1769.

† Perhaps from Dr. Johnson; for had we any judgment, we should for our own sakes read, as the Henry of a certain author is said to write, i. e. "to be delighted, and thus find more beauties than faults; too much in love with the Muse to look severely for her little inconsistencies."

‡ Scrub, bringing butter to the dressing-room, is truly in character.

Into the Engine, whence a thread,
Was it once weighty, may be said,
Tho' weary *, as we may presume
You are, of this same dressing room,
Methinks I'll venture to put down
One thought, you will believe my own.
Observe that block, which tho' so big,
What but a feather is its wig?
In these, to novels wond'rous long,
We've a similitude full strong.
Save but a trifle, don't admire,
If with the rest we light our fire.†

READING MEMOIRS OF VOLTAIRE, FROM P. 43, TO 47.

HEYDAY! Philosophers indeed!!
Do but these two epistles read.
Now think you any suburb quean
Could hit on stratagems so mean?
Or such scurrility could throw,
Her barrow wheeling to and fro?
Blush, all ye literary men,
Blush, for your brothers of the pen,

---

* Weary as I have been myself, I could not find courage to burn this, after having been at the trouble of such long notes to illustrate it.

† This cannot include those *few* novels that convey, under the charms of gaiety, the precepts of wisdom.

And learn to shun th' approach of Rage:
She against Nature would engage,
Who gave them wit; when, do but note,
The fury sullied half they wrote.

TASSO CONTRASTED WITH VOLTAIRE.*

How widely Tasso and Voltaire
Their pilgrimage concluded!
When one to a terrestrial crown
Cried out, "You've but intruded."

By vile Alphonso's schemes aggriev'd,
Sick of both life and fiction,
He welcom'd, harbinger of peace!
The Church's benediction.

Those leaves which strew'd his way to fame,
He wish'd annihilated;
Whilst Voltaire with her loudest note,
At fourscore is unsated.

---

* Voltaire, at the age of eighty-four, passed whole nights in correcting his tragedy of Irene. When a man told him of its success, he was in bed, caught the person in his arms, and rolled over him, and in the height of agitation said, "Have I the happi-"ness to please the public as much in my old age as I pleased "it in my youth?" Two months before his death, Voltaire was crowned at the Theatre, where he received the honour of a kind of apotheosis. Just before the rising of the curtain, Briseau, the oldest of the actors, accompanied by his brethren, came into the box of Voltaire, and placed on his head a laurel crown.

When but poor players compliment
His joy makes such advances
Toward folly; Reason blushes deep
At his extravagancies.

Thus mankind shall to solid gold aspire,
Of tinsel toys the child shall never tire.

DRYDEN.

THIS hint* to Recluses
Is good, but what use is,
Your telling of such an one what to expect?

Since forc'd, by mischances,
Or thro' his high fancies,
It must be he shews the good world disrespect.

Some bold men took pride in
Attacking John Dryden,
Or knowing his humour, they hence might discern

The poet, transported, took off the crown, exclaiming with a kind of astonishment, "What, will you overwhelm me, kill me, "with an excess of glory." The tragedy of Irene was afterwards acted; and, at the conclusion of the piece, the statue of Voltaire was exhibited on the stage, surrounded by the actors and actresses, who each placed upon it a laurel crown.

* From a reserved temper he was less known, and consequently his character became more liable to misapprehensions and misrepresentations.—Johnson's Lives of the Poets, vol. i. p. 364.

That peace, his first passion,
He scorn'd vindication,
And sooner than so wet his pen it should burn.

POPE.

WHO flies from Nature, when he follows Truth?
" 'Tis Pope," a poet from his earliest youth.
Himself confesses, tho' so proud to die,*
Enamour'd of that false Philosophy.
By St. John's care conducted to his side,
St. John no less than father to the Bride.

ON READING, POPE HARDLY ALLOWED TO BE A POET.

POPE wedding a philosophy,
Scorns his old flame the Muse;
While Time brings up Posterity,
Both ladies to abuse.

ON READING THE DUNCIAD AND MISCELLANIES, BY POPE AND OTHERS.

HERE, (to Revenge inscrib'd your Book)
But little men great Poets look;

---

* Till undeceived.

Especially when we observe
Such, from their own wise maxims* swerve.
And grant you prove a Blackmore's name
Shines not with a poetic† fame;
Perhaps we were not in the wrong,
As Piety inspir'd his song,
To say in a celestial light,
That view'd by your's his is more bright.
But see! the angry wits are rais'd,
Who cry, ("Well suits the praise, the praised.")
For lo! What has my rhyming done?
Betray'd to something like a pun.

THE COMMAND.

SHENSTONE, when hearing from our friends,
To yield most comfort your's pretends;
Since mine commands me to destroy
Lines which to keep would give me joy;
And I submit to Caution's rule,
Who will be foremost in the school
Of sage experience; so consent
To tear, lest foes make me repent;
Thus was the Roman urg'd to slaughter,
With his own hand, a darling daughter.

---

* "Immodest words admit of no defence;
"For, want of decency is want of sense."

† Which Dr. Johnson says it does in the Creation.

SHENSTONE ADVISING TO SETTLE ACCOUNTS ON A WET DAY.

TH' advice which Shenstone here is giving,
Would make our wits' finances thriving;
But Prudence cries, "If they're to stay
"When fair, in rain you'll find excuses,
"To keep at home these Madam Muses;"
Sour thing, she'd send them quite away,
Yet cannot quarrel with his mettle,
Who never having bills to settle,
Sometimes with pen and ink will play.

TO GOLDSMITH.

OH! how ridiculous it is,
Compar'd our talents' weight,
That I attempt to sing of Wales,
While thou didst prose translate.

How can we ever meet a scene
That's lovely, or an eye;
Without abundance of regret
That Goldsmith is not nigh?

Yet that he often left the Muse,
Or that so soon* Death tore
Him from us, why should we lament,
Could genius give us more?

* Soon, when compared with Waller, Young, and Cumberland.

READING THAT GOLDSMITH WAS ENVIOUS.

Did this base passion then presume
Thee Goldsmith to infest?
For thy exalted genius say,
Could Envy be a guest?

Our falt'ring accents tell thy rank,
When 'mongst the tuneful tribe,
In prose with chastest humour stor'd
You with such pleasure bribe;

'Tis Gratitude averts our ear,
When we are bid to blame;
Or "blot out ev'ry word but praise,"
She cries, "around the name.

Oft him who but retaliates,*
For no more can be true,
Since Goldsmith, for thy Traveller,
The world must envy you."

But to be serious; bliss, we hope,
You'll thro' his aid procure,
Whose will thou so far didst obey,
Thy mite thrown to the poor.

* "Retaliation," the title of some verses written by the Doctor.

THE TREASURES OF GOLDSMITH.

SURPASSING ev'ry pensive tale
Thus sung, the sorrows of one vale;
From which the cheerful heart shall beat
To Vauxhall gardens a retreat;
Where Madam Tibbs commands her features,
To strike with awe these low-bred creatures.
While you're saluted by its mirth
And laughter early from his birth;
Who like the Carthagenian's heir,
Vow'd an eternal war,——with Care.
Yet to the chasten'd mirth a foe
More fell, than Care yon rake can shew;
In short, if you'd look on the tricks
Of this Life's masks, or wish to mix
In your reflections Politics:
To Goldsmith turning, you may find
A countless treasure for the mind.

THE STAGE.

Reading the Abbe Du Bos.

ATHENS, Hey! Treason! Well then, Rome
Knew not good Taste; who's here at home
No glimpse* of Nature, where most wanted;
Unto their theatre she granted
In vain a province. Just so can
Externals nothing toward the man.

* They wore masks.

While Garrick on the bare board stood,
Which of us wishes for a wood?
Or when we listen with Macbeth,
Could Horror's struggle for her breath
Be greater "on the blasted heath?"
Rapt by the same enchanting strain,
Do we regret the absent main? *
With characters so well pourtray'd,
The canvas is sufficient aid;
And with a Siddons or a Young,
Who sees the wall were it unhung?
Judicious too, in air and dress,
Our drooping Shore and stately Bess
By these to fancy force access.
Those strange effects which you may find
In history, we are much inclin'd
To think, sprung from th' untutor'd mind.
Our Bard and Player want not skill,
To make their audience quite as ill.
But here good sense has been before 'em,
Subjecting Britons to decorum.

QUEEN CAROLINE.

EACH queen alive may have enough
Of your dear dedication stuff;
But few, methinks, with us will join
In praise † of mould'ring Caroline.

---

* See Tempest.

† Or rather in repeating her praise, as the variety of facts on

Full readily 'tis understood,
What one keen sat'rist means by good;*
While all the friends of Stuart join
In disrespect to Caroline.

Ye wits, how deeply this sun drew
From the fam'd fount, tho' left to you,
Some spars† at least were known to shine
Beneath the rays of Caroline.

Here Gratitude may well accuse
The scorn of each fastidious Muse:
While Collin from his sheaf shall twine
Th' unfading wreath for Caroline.

---

record must convince us, that Voltaire was but just, in his high eulogium on this princess, to whom England is indebted for the encouragement of inoculation; and the great Halley was, amongst many others, for pecuniary assistance.

* See the heroic epistle to Sir William Chambers.

† But we are told there cannot be spars; diamonds, or dirt, only can be found about the Pierian spring. Were Hume orthodox, his opinion might be some comfort to scribblers; but I fear the world will rather vote for a good thrasher, than a bad poet. "Such a superiority do the pursuits of literature possess above every other occupation, that even he who obtains but mediocrity in them, merits the pre-eminence above those who excel most in the common and vulgar professions. Hume, vol. vi. p. 197.

Let but some stripling pipe before
His cage; we hear the lion roar.
Thus shall my ditty bring to mind
Our Prince of Bards and Rosalind.

SHAKSPEARE.

WHEN Tom was young, he sadly wanted
To see all Shakspeare play'd: this granted,
Grown old, he mutters in a huff,
My wish was infantile enough.
Shakspeare we'll in our closet keep,
And THERE, with him may laugh or weep:
While your inferior pieces go
To eke their merit out by SHEW,
Thus ere Sir Epicure allows it fine,
Made sauce must with the frog combine,
Its gravy shall surround sirloin.

TIMON.

I'LL scoop my lodging in this rock,
Beg me a bed from yonder flock;
The generous earth affords me roots,
And for companions, give me Brutes.
For minstrelsy I'll keep that wind,
Which wafts a farewell to Mankind.

I ask not to see pleasure's shade,
Of every pleasure grown afraid;
I ask not warbling birds, nor flow'rs,
Nor dimpling streams, to lull the hours;

I would within this valley find,
But an Asylum from Mankind.

The world, Ah! met I not when there,
With every grief, and every care?
Vices and Follies, urging on,
'Till to despair their slave is thrown;
But Fortune miss'd her way, when blind
Enough, to drive me from Mankind.

Sage Cynic, know it is with thee,
Timon shall cordially agree;
Since we must in a prison* dwell,
Be mine a solitary cell;
Thus many a Fiend is left behind,
Whom we discover'd 'mongst Mankind†.

*See Hamlet.

† Though it is Erasmus who tells us, that the whole proceedings of the world are nothing but one continued scene of folly, *all* the actors being equally fools and madmen; and, therefore, if any be so pragmatically wise as to be singular, he must even turn a second Timon, or manhater; and retiring into "some "unfrequented desert, become a recluse from all mankind." We need not point out the exaggeration of that truth, thus happily express'd by Dr. Blair, in his sermon: "My Brother, "if you can bear with no instances of unreasonable behaviour, "withdraw yourself from the world; you are no longer fit to "live in it; leave the intercourse of men, the careless, and "the imprudent; the giddy, and the fickle; the ungrateful, "and the interested, every where meet us."—Sermon on Patience.

OTHELLO.

AGAIN th' Autumnal season low'rs,
That gale which shakes our strongest doors;
Perchance upon the coming day,
A breeze that would with poplars play.
But lo! their leaves bestrew that floor,
O'er which, they lately form'd a bow'r;
That storm of which, we see the fruits,
Shall then return, to tear their roots:
Just so, 'tis cheerfulness might fly,
Some Dame, thro' her Lord's jealousy;
Which by this balk reviv'd—the pen
Of Shakspeare, gives his groan, and then—!!

FRAGMENTS.

On the Soul being compared to a Tadpole.

No doubt, the image of Iago's soul,
Not as I thought a fiction, your Tadpole:
Out of so little, foul*, and black a thing,
A deed that's most detestable must spring.

* * * * * * *

Tho' the toads, found upon a flowery bed,
We recollect 'twas in a puddle bred,
And fable all the jewel in its head.

* In which we are only adopting the vulgar error, without any antipathy to that perfectly innocent, though persecuted animal, whose countenance is far more benign than that of the, in some respects, beautiful Guinea hen.

ON THOSE MELODIOUS LINES OF DR. MERRICK.

"*Love with his Lamp.*"

THE fleece, to drink a richer dye,
Let not Italia's self deny;
And we'll allow, her silken * floss,
Shall treat us with superior gloss;
Yet not that the materials rough,
Which can afford us such a stuff:
Britons, sing on then without fear,
While Merrick thus can charm the ear,
No tale against thy tongue we hear.

"IN PRAISE OF HAWTHORNS."

"IN praise of Hawthorns," yes, the praise
Of May, is sung a thousand ways:
Where rhymes the man, who has not drawn
A quill, to Cowslip o'er her lawn?
"Ye sons of Care," who think us crazy,
If we spare time to pick a daisy;
Be your's the weightiest golden bough,
But in return, pray let me know,
Where blooms the Olive for this brow;
Then with my leave, the Frost may seize,
The bay wreath of my reveries.

---

* As Vida wrote on the Art of managing the Silk-worm,—it is most likely bred in Italy.

ON THOMSON BURNING HIS POETRY, EVERY BIRTH-DAY, FOR SOME YEARS.

THOMSON, this annual conflagration,
Deserves from many, imitation;
But those who fancy they have wit,
Want sense enough to copy it.

TO ESCHYLUS.

Poet.—From that beheld by us just now,
We, on your fate, our credit must bestow;
The bird's sagacity * is seen as well,
Thro' this poor Snail's, as thro' the Tortoiseshell.

ON COWPER'S VERSES TO CATHARINA, ON HER MARRIAGE TO GEORGE COURTNEY, ESQ.

COWPER, I like your nuptial song,
Unlike those I have skipp'd so long;
When into your old poets peeping,
A Venus ever in their keeping;
To fit the bride out with a face,
For all her airs they find a Grace:
Here Hymen too, his torch must bring,
We guess, to shorten Cupid's wing;
But he (so fam'd for being sly,)
Contrives to singe them both, and fly.

---

* Did not know on what it was employed, until we walked out.

Then Juno, and the roseate bed,
To sleep inviting me, I've said;
If doom'd to read, when thus you write,
I wish you'd quickly bid good night.

READING ADDISON'S TOUR THROUGH ITALY.

We cannot hold his judgment cheap,
Who giving us the God of sleep,
Presents us with so young a boy,
His care can reach but to a toy;
Him such a care as this shall keep,
With that sweet Labour, nurse to sleep.

READING THE LIFE OF FARQUHAR.

Our Poet, when observ'd to pant
For apples, thrown to Atalant,
Pick'd up a woman worse than Eve,
Who into ruin did DECEIVE *;
One most unlike to Grannum's Man,
(Whose head not yet on plotting † ran);
But peace, my friend, for where's the wonder?
Our Irishman ‡ but made a blunder.

---

* His wife, through the reputation of a great fortune, tricked him, with whom she was violently in love, into matrimony; he forgave her, and except being ruined as to circumstances, lived very happily with her.

† Mr. Farquhar wrote many Comedies.

‡ If there is any truth in the vulgar opinion, it seems as if

THE POET'S SERVANT.

SINCE Goldsmith, Thompson, Young, and Pope,
Have sung for fancy, what new scope?
Our Bard, by this, depriv'd of Hope.
No; so indulgent is his fate,
Hope on the Poet still shall wait,
And to his palate fill his plate.

---

nature intended to shew her impartiality, by bestowing so much wit and beauty on the natives; among those who have possessed much of the latter, the two Miss Gunnings may be placed at the head of a long list; nor would there be a shorter of wits beginning with Goldsmith; but we need not dwell on the illiberality of national reflections. How common is it to find the English laughed at for those very faults, attributed by Montaigne to his countrymen; "who he is ashamed to see besotted with this "foolish humour of quarrelling with forms contrary to their "own; they seem to be out of their element, when out of their "own village; wherever they go, they keep strictly to their "own fashions, and abominate those of foreigners. If they "meet with one of their own country in Hungary, they hail the "happy day, they renew their acquaintance, they cling toge-"ther, and rail at the barbarous manners they see there; and "why not barbarous? since they are not French; and those "are reckoned to have made best use of their travels, who rail "most at what they have seen; and, indeed, most of them re-"turn no wiser than they went. In their travels, very close and "reserved, with a silent and incommunicable prudence, pre-"serving themselves from the contagion of an unknown air."

READING HUME'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

When you for Foreign aid apply,
Let Prudence with her Lynx's eye,
Look out, lest here display'd again,
The scene 'twixt Britons and the Dane.
Stay, we are wrong; the Saxon bore,
This part, while Friendship's mask he wore,
And after this our History brings
Small honour to some ancient Kings;
When the repeated Danegelt gives
Us a good hint on palliatives,
With which the Coward is amus'd,
By the Wise Man, but seldom us'd.

TO BRITANNIA.

How long must tears of Gratitude*
Be shed, by enemies subdued;
Before that stream shall flow which washes
From you the stain of Joan D'Arc's ashes?

BRITANNIA'S ANSWER.

'Twas in a dark age we receiv'd
That stain, for which (when seen), we griev'd.
Contrition's tears with those you name,
Have mingled 'till effaced our shame.

---

* Tears of Gratitude. See charity to French prisoners.

NORRIS.

If Harry's Virtue should revive,
'Tis but by fits she's known to live;
His barbarous time with many a stake,
Illuminates for Conscience sake.
"To fan the hallow'd flame," says Death,
"I'd have," (strange thought,) "a courtiers' breath;"
One King of Terrors*, well relied,
On t'other, and a Norris died.

EPITAPH.

In honour of frail man be't said,
Here Norris† lies, who lost his head;
Because his hand refused to stray
From Truth to smooth a Monarch's way;
Here Virtue conquer'd, tho' the strife
Was great, it was with love of life.

"* Henry the Eight inspired *terror* into every breast." Hume, vol. 4, page 212.

† Norris had been much in the King's favour, and an offer of life was made to him, if he would confess his crime, and accuse the Queen; but he generously rejected the proposal, and said, That in his conscience he believed her entirely guiltless; for his part he could accuse her of nothing; and he would rather die a thousand deaths than calumniate an innocent person.—Hume, vol. 4, page 158.

HOLY WATER.

THIS man, they use worse * than a thief,
For falln g short in his belief;
While loss of Freedom waiteth such,
As in this water put too much;
Which, tho' for centuries it had stood,
Unchang'd † by age, is not made good.
Most wretched nation! when the pill
Of Faith is weigh'd by man, soon will
A hand like this be found to shake,
Soil the ingredients, or mistake.

TO JAMES THE FIFTH OF SCOTLAND.

TRULY James, but poor work,
This not going to York;
Because that the strife,
Which shorten'd your life,
We are apt to suspect by timidity bred.

Perhaps your own child,
Such reflections beguil'd,
Into trusting the Queen,
Who clos'd a long scene,
Of captivity sad, by taking her head,

* Quakers were burnt at the same time that Gardiner was confined in the Fleet, for, amongst other offences, asserting the efficacy of Holy Water.

† Holy water was used in England for Baptism, till the Reformation.

Or credulity caught
Her, while she saw nought;
But the hostage sent back *,
Quite blind to the knack,
For decapitating which Harry enjoy'd.

By suspicion James died,
Mary too far relied †;
Tho' all's for the best,
'Twere in vain to protest,
That by such Tales as these, our mirth is not destroy'd.

TO JAMES THE FIFTH OF SCOTLAND, AND ESTHER VANHOMRIGH.

Hail! Esther! and James;
Yes, I treasure the names,
Of those two, so happy when things went amiss;
Their wills being read,
They just go to bed,
And escape from a world that's so dismal as this.

---

* The hostage was Gilbert Kennedy, Earl of Cassilis; generously sent back by Henry VIII. page 234.

† All circumstances considered, together with her own conduct, Mary could hardly be said to *rely* on Elizabeth as a friend; but by her ill fortune, to use the softest term, was forced into the power of her enemy.

While among human kind,
Tho' full often we find,
Those lash'd by a number of monstrous long years;
This is not enough,
Still their hearts are so tough,
That the wherry of Charon might float in their tears.

KING CHARLES AND OLIVER.

EXPERIMENTALLY we find,
Man to the future often blind;
How thick that veil* (who has not said?)
Thrown over our first Charles's head.
When we are told, that he per force,
Caus'd Oliver to stay his course.
What, if the fanatic had steer'd
To foreign shores? from them, 'twas fear'd,
With more combustion to return;
But here's twice crossing of no bourne,
And a strange climate to engage,
Then gold might chain him there. The rage

* As impenetrable as was that of Demetrius, when he recalled Suisky from embarking on the ocean of eternity, pardoning him when on his knees, expecting the fatal stroke, by whom (the Emperor being soon after dethroned, and slain, in consequence of the insurrection,) he was succeeded in the empire. Russian History, 1606.

For Reformation thus destroy'd,
The King had long his crown enjoy'd;
Or, what it seems he held more dear,
His Subjects might the Mitre wear.

LUCIUS CAREY, LORD FALKLAND.

WHO can read far, before that he
Exclaims we've here a Deity!
But see this sanguine blot *: what then?
Falkland is but the best of men;
Could he forget what Cecil said †
To him, whose rashness cost his head;
Yet what was there on earth, to raise
A wish for plenitude of days;
In Falkland, who could never find
That treasure, a congenial mind?
Tho' those, who most would Charles commend,
Observe, that "Falkland was his Friend."

CHARLES THE SECOND.

IF you'll suppose me Charles's Son,
What had I then resolv'd upon?

---

* Being instrumental to his own death; for as he always advised Peace in the Civil War, this triumph over his natural disposition, even added to the dignity of his character.

† Lord Burleigh told Essex, "Those who are fond of blood, "see not out half their days." See Psalms.

I say his Son, for I ne'er enter
On Politics, let others venture:
O'er quicksands, thro' that winding road,
And watch from thence their tottering load.
But now, behold me Stuart again,
Over this nation would I reign!
Where some stood by, while others led,
My Father out to lose his head.
To these become a parent? no,
Rather 'mongst savages I'd go;
To me more barbarous this shore,
Than theirs, unstain'd by such a gore.
But Heaven, who turn'd Britannia's heart,
Declares her King must act his part,
Or answer for whatever's done,
Thro' his refusal of the Throne,
I should obey, but with a groan.

DOUGLAS.

WHO but laments it is the flame,
By which a Douglas must see Fame,
Brings to our dear Britannia shame.

This wretched reign those very few,
Who would excuse, say, Charles well knew
Man, and so gave the knave his due.

No doubt, adversity has shewn
To Charles, some strangers to a Throne,
By which in man adept he's grown.

Yet after all you will admit,
This knowledge from our heart we get,
Or must accept from Holy Writ*.

WAR BY CHARLES AND LOUIS, AGAINST THE DUTCH.—HUME, VOL. 7.

History we sicken at thy page,
Tho' finely drawn, where wolves engage,
To tear in pieces a poor Lamb†:
See, while the Dutch themselves undam,
Industry's tears encrease that flood
She pours to save her Belgia's blood;
But rather than see more of Charles
And Louis, we will turn to Quarles;
Better than in more crimes detect thee,
In yonder island‡ we dissect thee:
Oh! tyrant man, or that you see us,
Forever quit thee for Linnæus§.

---

* "The heart of man is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." Jeremiah, 17th chap.

† We believe the Dutch were always peaceably inclined, at least, they were innocent towards Louis, when Boileau owned, he did not know what reason to give for the war with Holland.

‡ Fletcher's Purple Island.

§ Not that we ever read his works.

WILLIAM AND MARY.

Reading Bishop Burnet's own Times.

COULD NASSAU, more than bravely bear the lance,
To give us Liberty, and humble France?
Yes, rule himself, so as to t' APPEAR serene,
'Till wholly conquer'd when he lost his queen:
Grief, playing then the tyrant in his breast,
T' avenge the passion* he had long suppress;
The Muse became her mourning in those days,
How blest the Bard, who sung Maria's praise;
That saints will join him, Truth cannot dispute,
E'en faction's forked tongue, for once was mute.

DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

DEATH was so often told by Fame,
That Marlborough led him as he pleas'd;
To prove her error to the dame,
Upon an only Son he seiz'd.

DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

WHEN men of war, or Ministers of State
Call, and how justly call, our Churchill *great* †.

---

* Anger.

† Lord Bolingbroke, when appealed to concerning the Duke of Marlborough, replied, "He was so *great* a man, that I "have forgotten his vices." Voltaire, on English Nation, page 86.

Imagination, to their view presents
Wisdom, or Victory, council boards, or tents:
But see! where all such objects cast in shade,
The Christian hero now to be display'd,
His Son's funereal torch must lend its aid.

ON LORD ROCHESTER.

FROM the examples here, we can
Find some consistency in man,
While they're preparing, to turn off
The fool, he shall at judgment scoff;
Wilmot, his exit * to be made,
Has Wit enough to be afraid.

CLARENDON.

To those seduc'd by spite, it may be
Kind to shew Wentworth † and his Raby;
That Dallilah thro' whom he found
In course of time his mortal wound ‡.

ON this piece of Tyranny § Charles could but smile,
Since too like what himself had performed with Argyle ‖.

---

* Wilmot did indeed make his exit, having trod the stage as a mountebank. Burnet's Life of Rochester.

† Lord Strafford. ‡ Vol. i. page 150. § Page ——
‖ Vol. i. page 128.

Perform'd with such ease, by the MAN who would rather
Than relinquish a frolic,* wring tears† from his father.

WHEN I walk up W———— lane,
To the spire I thus complain:
Party writers‡ make me mad,
Was your William's good or bad?

"HERTFORD. §."—Our Johnson and another say,
List brother, to the subject of our lay.

---

* Going to Spain.

† Vol. i. page 16. No doubt by those who mention the gentleness of Charles, the rashness of youth, and sway of the imperious Duke, are deemed sufficient apology; and we cannot help observing, that the journey broke off the match, which caused that war, the want of support for which, produced all the sufferings of Charles.

‡ See Vol. i. p. 345, and Hume, Vol. vi. page 310. Whatever this Archbishop may have suffered from writers, the pencil of Vandyke, has no doubt done him justice; for there is at Lord Penryn's, a full length painting of him by that master. I think at Llandegay Church, it is his Grace's Monument that is in good preservation, through the care of his Lordship; on the Pulpit of his own Chapel at Bangor, are three fine pieces of ancient Sculpture, and steps, which imitate marble; which, however, come, as did the adjacent offices, from his large slate quarries in this neighbourhood.

§ On the Marquis of Hertford being made Governor to the Prince. Vol. ii. page 426.

Roll the rock from off the vein,
Break a tyrant's fav'rite chain;
Chase the brindled monster hence,
Thou hast conquer'd Indolence.

Sprite by Camoens meant of yore,
When he vow'd that something more,
Than our fancy knows to shape,
Rose upon them at the Cape.

Yes, it was the love of ease,
Met them on those stranger seas;
Shew'd the terrors of the main,
Tho' to Gama shew'd in vain.

Marquis! tell us, tell us then,
How, and what, and where, and when;
How was Indolence beguil'd,
That you on Promotion smil'd?

Thus Hertford, (who by Vandyke's touch arose),
Ask for yourself alone, since Johnson knows,
That he of duty had so strong a sense,
It was by this he conquer'd Indolence.

WHO* is there but admires that turn?
While we again o'er Falkland mourn,

---

* Vol. III. page 357. "So that a man might think he (Lord

Let not the stratagems of Pride,
From us this wholesome council hide;
Not to believe we're virtuous, when
We but admire such virtuous men.

THE friends of Charles may bless this faction,
For much he shone in that transaction *;
(Where we behold a gang of knaves
Come forth with swords, if not with staves),
Who with a most becoming spirit,
Blends King and Cousin, such its merit,
As may entitle this to bear,
The *Christening* in that vile affair.

HOPTON †, you more than all those men may boast,
Their honor's kept at a poor master's cost,
Thou'rt honourable, now thy honor's lost.
If such a cruel and licentious crew,
Worthy their late commanders, can to you
Bring shame, while they their former course
pursue.

" Falkland) came into the field chiefly out of curiosity, to see " the face of danger and charity, to prevent the shedding of " blood."

* King Charles dismissing his nephew at Newark. Vol. iv. page 721.

† To Lord Hopton, on his taking the command of Goring's and Grenville's army. Vol. iv. page 726.

DIGBY * runs thro' this piece to shew, it
Is not unnatural, where the poet
Joins Tragedy and Farce together.
" The Sun will shine in falling weather,"
Says Shakspeare, and I care but little,
What Voltaire may my Play entitle.

KING Richard's ghost,
Which led the host,
That triumph'd o'er this hated building †;
Revenge enjoy'd,
Its wealth destroy'd ‡,
In massive bar and bolt now yielding.

But 'twas in haste,
He led them past,

* Lord Digby's going to Jersey. Vol. v. page 11.

† Pomfret Castle. Vol. v. p. 190.

‡ But it being ten days after the surrender to Cromwell, before its destruction was accomplished: during that time, two of the vanquished lay concealed between walls which were built up for that purpose by the royalists, who left them food for one month; these being two out of the six, designed a sacrifice to the memory of Rainsborough, who could not escape in those sallies of the besieged, permitted by the generosity of Lambert, in which some of them fell while endeavouring to deliver their companions.

Those walls entrusted with concealing;
Two friends of him
Depos'd *, where grim
They lay, with cold and fear congealing.

Tho' now alone,
Each crumbling stone,
They think the foe still plunder seeking;
Or should they dose,
They then suppose,
Friends who for them here died, are shrieking.

Then whispering lie,
And watch the sky,
Where the autumnal moon is waning;
Now thro' the chink,
Discern they think,
One come to finish their complaining.

By him shall fall,
Each faithful wall,
But at their side e'er he's expected;
This form appears,
And thus he cheers
Their spirits, tho' with look dejected.

Some ages since,
My father Prince †,

* See vol. iii. page 124. † The Black Prince.

Join'd in subduing that vain nation *;
Which to your king,
Shall ruin bring,
But why should courts be a temptation?

Be no time lost!
Trust Richard's ghost,
The imprison'd King must scorn attendance;
The infant Duke †,
May well rebuke,
Those who on Nobles place dependance.

Now all in vain,
Should Peers remain,
Who could give birth to insurrection;
The carnage spare,
That strange affair ‡,
Shews Heaven averse to his protection.

Or, could Charles send,
To Hampden's friend; §
Hampden, who was by him impeached:
Dead Hotham lies,
Before their eyes,
Just so by Digby over-reached.

---

* France. † Duke of York.
‡ Being delivered to Hammond. § And son-in-law.

Alas! a shade,
Can give small aid,
Then soon with kindest wishes ending;
Bids them rely,
That none are by,
And that good fortune is attending.

CONCLUSION.

METHINKS, in their outset, the Commons * went wrong;
But the King o'er-stepp'd Justice, as he strode along:
His Queen by a bigoted priesthood directed,
In the State was a meddler; and as we expected,
E're the sword drawn for Liberty, rests in its sheath,
The Subject, or Sovereign, are conquer'd by Death.
Felt with much aggravation, there is no denial,
From the fanatic choosing that farce call'd a Trial;
But yet to some persons, this King's worst condition,
Was to hear and reply to that boor repetition:
Petition'd to death, such had all in good time,
Been sav'd from the axe, and prevented that crime.

---

* In not supporting him in the Spanish war, as they promised.

What a politic fiend was the father *, when brothers
Giving life to each cause, must take one another's;
When their faults † and their suff'rings fairly are reckon'd,
Few Kings claim compassion with Edward the Second;
And her Son would not punish that monster his wife,
But no SERVICE could wipe off that stain from his life.
Conspicuous indeed, as his reign was so glorious,
Of forgiving another ‡, whose guilt was notorious.

READING VARIOUS WRITERS.

The Reform'd Writer.

——— who all his day had wrote,
I would we every word might quote;

---

* Lord Clarendon tells us this was done, or we should hardly credit such a stratagem, to preserve their estates, which ever party should conquer.

† "Nothing but his narrow genius or his misfortunes were objected to him (Edward the Second); for the greatest malice found no particular crime with which it could reproach this unhappy Prince." Hume, vol. ii. p. 326. Though no doubt, Charles must suffer much, if only in apprehension of assassination.

‡ One of the murderers having done him some service, threw himself at the King's feet, and received pardon.

Startled by Conscience, towards the night,
Would to Religion throw a mite.
True from the once polluted platter,
When rinc'd with purifying water;
Man often has been known to eat
Of wholesome, nay, delicious meat;
But in some corner still shall lie
Its old contents, t' attract the fly,
Who, but for this offence, had been
About far better viand seen;
Or, if you will, let Stanly play
At that Church, which tho' in their way,
'Tis evident enough, the mass
Of mortals, hastily shall pass,
While listening to the pipe and tabor,
(Our penitents unlucky labour)
Let not his wit while young entice
Man, to turn fiddler unto vice;
For, tho' he should correct his strain,
With many the old tunes remain,
And by their sons are play'd again.

Written, when Reading the Life of Peter the Great, by Mr. Strachlin, Member of the Imperial Academy at Petersburgh.

A LITTLE pride to humble man,
Allow'd thee, Emperor, to trepan,

Whose Reason thus oppress'd,
Mercy and Justice too must weep,
At least with thee they are asleep,
While thus* your head's at rest.

E'er Piety your praise can chaunt,
Decorum cries, "Why wigs transplant †,
"From which I feel a wound?"
But what is this, or giving cold?
Thus sanctioned, ridicule the bold,
Shall step on sacred ground.

The torture, too, why still permit?
A palliative you have for it,
Both in your time and age;
But no excuses of this kind,
We with posterity shall find,
When from th' historic page,

Slaves to Humanity appeal,
Here often Innocence must feel
Thro' life repeated pangs;
While Avarice grinds with iron jaws,
Nor Luxury's less pain shall cause,
Tho' ivory her fangs.

---

* Though extremely angry if he was awakened, he used to go to sleep with his head on the breast of one of his pages.

† He caused wigs to be exchanged during divine service.

Your country, Truth and Science lov'd,
A Nimrod's pleasure disapprov'd;
Fine Clothes and idle State,
Who could more heartily despise?
So far perhaps it may suffice,
'Mongst Czars, to call you great.

But Justice, when we read the act *
Thro' which Death seiz'd thee, will expect
A higher tone; for can
We now refuse to thee a tear,
Or, that the eulogy you bear
Of, a most generous Man?

READING OF ANCIENT MANNERS.†

When the Princess who blouz'd from town,
Reclin'd upon some russet down,
To keep a look-out on those sheep,
Who would to greener pasture leap.
When panting thro' th' irriguous dell,
She tugg'd their beverage from the well.

---

* Rescuing some persons from the danger of drowning.

† We find in Alexander's History of Women, that those of the highest rank were not exempt from attending on the flocks, drawing water for them, or any office such employment required. And that Andromache, who, with her needle painted the fall of the hero of her country, was not ashamed to feed and take care of his horses. And again, "even those of the first quality were not ashamed to perform the office of a washer-woman." Vol. i. p. 105.

Nay more, I think 'tis somewhere said
Such, in those days turn'd laundry-maid.
What then remain'd for slaves to do,
Of whom they had such plenty too?
Then the distinction could not be
So great as now, tho' he is free
Who is employ'd by you and me.

TO LAW,

Author of "A Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life."

By spite, or riot, kept awake,
A fit revenge of them I'll take,
By listening to the counsels wise
Of Law, and learning to despise
This world; of which we rightly spell,
Writing the Epitome of Hell.*
Christ's rules he does not smooth away,
To suit the fashion of our day;
Nor from his hand the sceptre wrest
To please those traitors in our breast.
Good man! I think with thee could I
But live, 'twere with the just to die.†

* In scriptural language, the wicked only are of this world.

† On reading farther, I find that Mr. L.'s rules not allowing of the present state of society, some Christian duties would be useless; but there is little fear of this doctrine prevailing.

COMPLAINT OF HYGEIA.

Reading an admired Author.

SINCE the mention of health is so shocking a bore,
Pray let a *How do you* be never sent more.
Whence got this temptation a place in the throng,
Which endeavours to lead poor posterity wrong?
Much shame to our ancestors here must belong.
" Alas!" says Hygeia, " what is it I hear,
Not permitted by —— to approach human ear;
Except when attended by bolus and potion,
Thus reduc'd to receiving but silent devotion;
A proceeding, with me which can never have merit,
Who must ever regard the flesh more than the spirit.
The mention of health, could refresh conversation
With a civil reply to the congratulation;
That vehicle easy in which could ride post,
The innocent Flattery which now must be lost;
While those with chagrin most deservedly sit
Who expected, (how vainly!) good sense or fine wit,
Should upon my expulsion slip into the void
To find that dull slander is this way employ'd:
And shall I still vermeil the lips of the beauty,
While to guard 'gainst my name is a part of their duty?
As peace is most thought on in war, Health shall find
Herself to maintain her old place in our mind.
But since this consolation don't seem to content,
What better expedient can Friendship invent?

Then a Heathen no longer, your foe you embrace,
And him cover with blushes who seeks your
disgrace."

THE FANCY-PIECE.

Reading a certain Play.

HERE life and death go as we wou'd,
The wicked bleed, while blest the good.
A sketch from Nature? prithee cease,
At best a pretty fancy-piece.
To give us Nature's features, you
Those of Melpomene must view.
Yet can some pencils manage it
So well between Dame Truth and Wit,
Nature is ever kept in sight,
Tho' in an advantageous light.
E'en here an ugly thing is found,
But then so far in the back ground,
A pleasing group the first, who there
Would go and pore to find out care?
Shall we disturb yon flagrant flow'ret,
For insects hid there to devour it?
No, in the honeyed cup may lie
For us, a most voracious fly.
Beside, ten thousand strong its foe,
The silk enswathed embryo,
Lurking in many a leaf below
Her perfume caught, a parting glance,
The Beauty left to time and chance.

TO MADAM SCUDERY,

(After reading her Baths of Thermopylæ.)

Is Theramanes taught to speak
In French, in Latin, or in Greek,
We must confess she, through your art,
Well speaks the language of her heart,
Which, though to faithful Love a nurse,
Still gives the nut-brown maid's reverse.

THE ————TON CHRONICLE.

THE bell announcing night's decay,
Wits to their stalls* had walk'd away;
The milch cow low'd, the blackbird woke,
And furze fill'd every cot with smoke;
In short, it was December's morn,
When to a pair, a pair was born:
Now as to our but northern county,
'Tis this way Nature shews her bounty;
How careful only plants here sent,
Not sisters join'd †, as were in Kent.

* Bells, wits, and stalls—think not of an Atterbury or Swift, my gentle Stranger.

† Who *lived* to bequeath to the parish of Biddenden, bread, on which the writer has seen their image.

CAUSED BY SEEING THE ENCOMIUMS OF A REVIEW PREFIXED TO A CERTAIN WORK.

FOR fear the Reviewer
Should prove our undoer,
We affect to look big,
And to scorn his great wig;
But should we get praise,
Don't let it amaze
If over our leaves this odour is shed,
Which Vanity warrants so good for the head.

THE SAMPHIRE GATHERER.

THIS samphire gatherer, I find
Still hanging * on your reader's mind.
Imagination proud of scope,
Gives the vibration of the rope.
(Dreadful suspense!) then brings despair
To launch the gasping man in air.
A dismal death
Awaits beneath,
But now he's safe †,
Despair go chafe.

* The samphire gatherer letting himself down by a rope fastened to a post in the field above, his hands slip, and falling, he clings to a piece which juts out of a smooth unclimbable rock, whose base is washed by the sea; and of this crag he can keep hold but a few moments.

† By throwing himself from the rock, having caught the rope as it approached him for the last time.

While on his joy we feast our eye,
Tho' as the Thane says, "man must die."

CAUSED BY READING NO. —— OF THE MIRROR.

It always seem'd to me an error,
In that admir'd work the Mirror;
(And what work more from faults exempt,)
One line to bring the least contempt.
On Order, the belov'd of Prudence,
He ne'er read Blair, we must conclude hence,
With whom sure no one will dispute,
"Disorderly" is "dissolute."
And therefore wrong whoe'er presumes,
Great minds are shewn by litter'd rooms,
Rather who can't help being nice
In trifles, must be shock'd at Vice.

THE RAMBLER.

In this the gay and serious blend *
So well, that taste they ne'er offend,
And thro' your papers runs a care,
Not to drive Essayists to despair.†

---

* No. 161, where the affecting sketch of the Sisters, can only be equalled by that admirable touch which burlesques the vanity of an author.

† As I think he somewhere says himself, Because people are very well contented to be idle.

Blest be the hour when thou, great Man, *
This first of human works began,
In which a comprehensive mind,
Being to long experience join'd,
Teach Prudence, yet with that pure spirit
Of Piety, your highest merit.

DRYDEN'S FUNERAL.

In Jeff'ries' son, see where revives
His father (prodigal of lives)
Who while to sin he pays such court, †
Can with her offspring Death, make sport.

---

* A great man, as I suppose Dr. Johnson, *now* to be even with the million, finding him styled its idol, in a certain writer, am happy our taste has improved, since the following remark of a celebrated author: "But that superiority which attracts the reverence of the few, excites the envy and the hatred of the many; and while his works are translated and admired abroad, and patronized at home, by those who are most distinguished in genius, taste, and learning, himself is abused and his friends are insulted for his sake, by those who never read his writings; or, if they did, could neither taste nor comprehend them." Brown's Estimate, p. 42.

† By the falsity he told Dryden's widow, and the rest of that most wanton mischief-making.

READING JOHNSON'S REQUEST,

That Mrs. Thrale would send Fruit to Mrs. Williams.

LIVES there who this request can hear,
Without a pause, a glow, a tear?
Admit, sometimes our Johnson swerv'd;
Deeper than such a fault deserv'd,
The simple Ostentation wounding;
Yet we shall ever find on sounding
His heart might with his head compare,
And in the human triumph share.

READING.

IN books, full often shall occur,
Since sprung from man books too must err;
Th' assertion, that a vigorous mind*
Is to corporeal strength confin'd.
Towards confutation, on our slips
We might outnumber Homer's ships†

---

* Not only humour and invention, but even judgment and resolution, change and languish, with ill constitution of body and of health. Sir William Temple, and many others.

† As Mr. Bayes tells us.

In the Momus Scarron, so bore down
On pain's strong hold, that thence 'tis known
The comic Muse will sometimes wear
In triumph 'midst her smiles a tear.
Beauty, tho' ever in the rout
Of healthy Clod,* shall not bring out
A genius. Fragrance meets his train,
To prove all Nature's charms are vain;
Tho' you no doubt have learn'd at school,
Exceptions are to ev'ry rule.†

READING IN A ROMANCE REMARKS ON WRITERS OF TOURS.

My Brethren dear, of way-worn shoe
And dusty coat, I speak to you
Of those, by all allow'd so clever,
Who think no better than a fever
Has seiz'd upon us in our rout,
Thro' which our authorship breaks out.
But what of this? if Raphael paints
Nought less than goddesses and saints,

---

* Says a learned Divine (quoting the Book of Wisdom). It was a shrewd observation of a good old writer, How can he get wisdom whose talk is of bullocks. Brown's Estimate, fifth edition, p. 74.

† As I hear in the Farmer's Boy.

Upon the beauties of Baptisté
May not an insect find her feast?
And who is it that must be told
Landscapes as well as heads are sold,
Or that a character grows old?
That humour laughs at all restriction,
We ev'ry hour receive conviction;
Thus shall that most voracious feeder
On folio, yes, the story-reader
From the first dish of Jack, go on
With a high relish to King John.
No incongruity detest,
Nay, th' impossible digest,
Rather than chew upon the dry
Husk of some art or casuistry;
And thus it is of all the rest
Possessing taste, as to the guest
Of palsied organ. Dullness shall
Alike on every viand fall.
Then Novelist * and Tourist, stand
Before us; why not hand in hand?
For, says Urbanity, you're both
But children of a larger growth;

---

* Novelists, like this author, whose labours promote the cause of virtue. As to those who do the contrary, we wish them to hide both their heads and works.

And tho' your's is the brighter toy,
For my sake, seek not to destroy
The pleasure he may take in viewing,
A fine thing all of his own doing.

READING SOMETHING WHICH FAVOURED CRUELTY.

From a Female Pen.

HARK! from the screaming creature torn,
By Shrovetide's callous fingers borne
Triumphantly was borne to thee,
That sanguine quill from Cruelty.
(Who thus convinces us that wit
Will to her fellowship submit.)
Tho' but an insect here her prey,
There reputation flies away.
'Tis for her sister, Envy's sake,
Wings given this, from that she'll take.*
So stretch'd (for Cruelty's ingenious)
Too soon a gulph appears between us,
And most extraordinary the case is,
If reputation it repasses.

---

* I think it is Glumdalclitch who says,

"As children tear the wings of flies away."

TO MADAME DE GENLIS, ON HER TALES OF THE CASTLE.

The Helmet.

'Tis Wisdom, tho' she out of sight
Removes her bird, lest it affright
From her embrace the gallic Boy,
Thus plumes were thrown aside in Troy.

AFTER READING AN ACCOUNT OF MADAME POMPADOUR.

What time the Grand Monarque, with Pompadour,
Had stepp'd the dignity of station o'er;
Shall we believe the meaner sort his care,
While something worse than mere neglect the share
Of their superiors? No: 'Tis thus we find
The God of Day subservient to the Wind,
Must in chill vapours veil his radiant head,
Tho' the pale flow'ret looks up from the mead,
When suddenly is wither'd up beneath
His blaze, the gaudy blossom of the heath.
Ere now, the monkey's art and tiger's claw,*
Spreading that net which to their ruin draw
A Faith o'erloaded and a feeble Law.
And sure 'twas only from that shameless hour,
Which bore the mate † of arbitrary power,

* I believe it is Voltaire, who says, his countrymen are either monkeys or tigers.

† Lust.

That the gigantic Insolence * could spring,
Who forc'd e'en Frenchmen to accuse their King.
Their tyrant King, the folly of whose day,
Led to that scene † from which man turns away.
By fiends polluted with some stains so dark,
These, tho' time flies, he fails not to remark.

READING THE LIFE OF FREDERICK II. KING OF PRUSSIA.

WHY call this Frederick great? Has he
Yet FIRMLY ‡ settled Liberty?
No—with friend Justice she is still
Sometimes to mourn the human will.
His notions, often unconfin'd,
Preceded actions brave and kind;
But, were *he* always good and wise,
A future Commodus might rise.
(For we suppose 'tis clearly shewn
The powers of darkness come not down.)

Alas how many children made
Wretched, by way of stock in trade
For Frederick, 'mongst whose lov'd pursuits
Was war; that science taught by brutes.

---

* Suppose the insolence of Madame Pompadour to the Queen; but so long since I read the Life, that I forget.

† French Revolution.

‡ No—but a friend observed, it was doing much for a man to give up *any* of his power.

BRUYERE.

THE rich and poor man of Bruyere,
Few draughts of characters come near.
Except, that we cannot endure
To see a knave made of the poor,
When Collier says, What all men know
Integrity, might keep him so.

TO ZIMMERMAN.

BUT tell us, did this Solitude
By you so lavishly endued,
Ne'er to his cell lorn Grief entice?
Then keep, till she produc'd a vice,
We will not say. Yet nothing loath,
Young Melancholy wedded Sloth.
Conspicuous 'mongst their hideous race
The spectre with a merry face;*
Whose Sister,† changeful as she's blotch'd,
The Snake so rarely more than scotch'd.
Cries Zimmerman: "'Tis not the same
From whom proceeds your dreaded Dame,‡
Pray to *our* Solitude attend.
No cynic, he would have a friend.
A friend or two." Aye, here you tell
Out such a treasure, all is well.

---

* Atrophy. † Scurvy. ‡ Melancholy.

TO MADAME DE MAINTENON,
On reading her Letters.

MADAME, we know you pity her
Who was not brought up at St. Cyr;
And see you weeping o'er the time, *
When Superstition grew a crime.
Ah! did you now behold that nation
(Whose faith was to work your salvation)
While it at decency is spurning,
And to barbarity returning;
Which for Philosophy they take,
Who would from all Religions break.
I can remember on this head,
(Religion) you with justice said,
From those within cold Convents pent,
Warm wishes to the world are sent;
While such as in a crowd remain,
Feeling that all around is vain.
Here Vice, there Folly, meet with mourning,
From them to Heaven often turning.
'Twas by this reasoning, no doubt
You were prevented (most devout)
From entering the grated wall,
Unless by a superior call.
To a luxurious court brought back,
There its vain-glory to attack,
By setting forth the charms of Peace,
To him, who, copying after Greece,

* The Reformation.

Young Cyrus, and rapacious Rome,
Thought he could bring true honour home
By the old rout of a Red Sea,
Not that way Louis came to thee.
This Dame, who near a cent'ry a'ter
Your Colbert's death, waits our Bridgewater,
And raises now a Howard's name
'Bove Norfolk's trophies; tho' by fame
These are held high, thro' many an age,
To ornament the tomb or page.

READING MADAME DE MAINTENON'S LIFE AND LETTERS.

Dame Scarron†—when we see thee sue,
And from Compassion get your due,
How little probable that day
Should break, when you the sceptre sway.
But if to cavil here inclin'd,
We grant 'twas but the despot's mind,
Which from his Montespan was led
By thee, to govern in his stead.
Says Reason, "That enchanting chit,
Call'd Beauty cloying; Matron Wit,
Shall in due time preside of course.
Looking not farther for the source
Which gave a woman pow'r to part
Vice, and this mighty Monarch's heart.
* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

† See Letter xcviii.

* * * * * * * * fair Montespan,
Pity of Reason gets the better,
When you peruse your rival's letter,
That master-piece on this occasion;
But from such pens how hope persuasion.
Some scenes we know Philosophy
Can gaze on with a steady eye;
Others present so strange a dance
Of Vice and Virtue, Time and Chance,
She from it feels th' acutest pain;
But when beginning to complain,
Religion with her glass supplies
A remedy, beyond the skies.
But to our Lady. Tho' you feel
Your Country's most pernicious zeal,
With other follies, that firm friend
Humility would oft contend.
As to your wit, 'tis you advise
That we this quality despise;
From Heav'n so bright a talent sent,
On a good cause, pray why not spent?
To hide it's hardly innocent.
Some lines are in your letters told,
Which would add lustre stamp'd in gold;
Those hints with which your niece is furnish'd,*
Would set off the most highly burnish'd.
Now reading on, I cried "a shield *
Here is, if critics deign to wield

* In every thing women write, there are, you know, a thousand

Their lance, shall guard our feeble sex :"
But then, who is it comes to vex?
'Tis Truth, with a contemptuous smile,
Who points to what is said on style.
Mine is the fault, were mine the charms,
I would not drop the new found arms,
Lamenting that they will not fit,
Nor to the Critic thus submit.

LOUIS LE GRAND.

LOUIS the Conqueror—of some towns,
When dying very wisely owns,
That, he from Wisdom had stray'd far,
Thro' that delight he took in war.
In vain Boileau joins self-deceit,
The tyrant finds tho' worlds were beat,
That ruling slaves can't make him great.

DEDICATION AND LIBEL.

WHEN Dedication's most offensive paint
Daubs in your book, the picture of a saint;
Idle the eulogy an author makes
On his own creature, while he truth forsakes.

---

deviations from the rules of grammar *. But, with your leave, there is too an elegance rarely to be found in the writings of men. Madame M.'s Letters.

As much who libels you into a fiend;
Thus some base passion to obtain its end,
Shall get the human judgment in a scrape,
But from the tomb Man takes his proper shape.

ON DIPPING INTO A HORRID BOOK.

With monsters strange our press shall teem,
As ever sprung from fev'rish dream,
The meek-ey'd dove, with vulture's feet,
And ape, with cherub's wing, we meet.
In voyage, novel, play, or poem,
Full oft whatever be the proem,
'Tis Truth who says to various places,
Sly Infidelity she traces.
"I cried out here, *all* vile and vanity!
Prodigious mixture! Christianity
Bravely defended for two pages;
Thus between fiends the saint* engages."

TO THE INVENTOR OF THE TELESCOPE.

Explaining to us one old world,
Was all aspir'd to
By ancients, but a modern comes
To give a thousand new.

---

* St. Michael.

ON A PICTURE IN LADY MILLER'S TRAVELS,
Fortune twirling a Crown on her Finger.

We, by this plaything of a crown,
Find but a common thought,
Fortune we know diverts herself
With all that can be bought.

Yet man will wait upon her will,
And every art employ,
To catch and keep from neighbour dupe
The much-admired toy.

Thus, childhood varying his sport,
Throws that soil'd straw away,
From which the maniac weaves his wreath
Of laurel, fresh and gay.

TO NOVEL READERS.

"Ye dear pretty ladies," who feed on that food,
The nice moralist loathes, as but seldom found good,
Don't think we presume here to force down a slice,
But beg you will taste of our wholesome advice.
When the ancient Romance would subdue with high hand
Weak Reason, her way is to have at command
Some chieftain renown'd, some invincible knight,
Who puts all the foes of her damsel to flight.
Tho' while these brave fellows to liberty give her,
On them the sly Cupid should empty his quiver.

But let us return to our Reason, (grown stronger)
To tales such as these, she will listen no longer.
From all her machinery of Giants and Dragons,
Fiction stoops to such heroines as rise from stage waggons.*
But adapting her tone to a new masquerade,
It is still with success she goes on to persuade.
And now we behold, 'mongst those regions she'd people,
The Virtue that towers with Salisbury steeple;
By whom it is common to find her reliev'd,
Whom the slaves to low vice, or self-int'rest deceiv'd.
Now this Virtue exalted is so very rare,
I think that a simile here may be fair.
When thro' some fine castle we follow the maid,
There, (rais'd by magicians well known, Light and Shade)
That pleasure is felt, which shall us detain,
While loud from the turret Time warns us in vain:
'Mongst Nobles so grim, and landscapes so glowing,
Shall hang fruit and flowers, which seem to be growing;
That seldom, if ever, its Nect'rine without,
In this the most beautiful blossom no doubt.
Thus, our Indian just landed, concludes here as common,
As the Apple and Rose, the Pomegranate and Roman.†

* Amongst our first novels are those of Pamela and Joseph Andrews.

† The Roman, a fine sort of Nectarine.

Now what we would beg, is, that in any snape,
Britannia's young daughter don't hazard a scrape,
From thinking the aid with which novels abound,
Shall by a lost woman be presently found.
That Poverty often may meet with relief
From Pity, who questions? 'tis in my belief;
But as to a number of those situations
She's forc'd to by Fiction, distrust these relations.
Fly such, by the help of that Piety pure,
Who forbids your approach, tho' of victory sure.

A RECIPE FOR A NOVEL.

Pick up, for love's fuel,
A Daddy most cruel;
Then a dance leading on to a terrible duel.

And this, to such feeling!!
We find Mammy stealing,
Compassionate looks, and then Miss a kneeling.

Every obstacle dying,
Bells ring, the news flying,
While our house-keeper with the last bride-cake
is vying.

The heart gain'd by its graces,
Tears, Swoons, and Embraces,
The Novel aids Virtue, or her law defaces.

READING PENNANT.

SEE here, (dishonour to his potent charms)
The wizard clad in armour trust to arms,
Who can view Sele within the tree confin'd,
And him* forget who captivates the mind?
Who might, it seems, have given us Glendower
Performing feats, a Prospero but swore.†
Music, sometimes his instrument, nay even
Fire: we say not either came from Heav'n.
In Nature's law th' Italian Prince deep read,
Glendower may boast, that in our Temple‡ bred.
Its art assists him in perceiving flaws,
Gives fine-spun arguments for either cause,
And skill to interpose the active clause.
Not only winds and waves shall on him wait,
Our Briton felt in Tempests of the State; §
Tho' not in wickedness, his vassals can
For folly be compar'd to Caliban;
So readily devouring every tale,
Ambition or revenge could bring, tho' stale.
Weary we turn from these most barbarous times,
From ev'ry chief so notable for crimes:

---

* Shakspeare.

† I suppose Prospero threatens to confine Ariel in a tree, and that Glendower actually fastened Sele into one.

‡ I think Glendower studied in the Temple.

§ This prosperous event, joined to the death of Glendower, which happened soon after, freed Henry from all his domestic enemies. Hume, vol. iii. p. 74.

It seems impossible for us to know,
On whom our scorn or pity to bestow.

READING THE MURDER OF MADOC AND LLEWELLYN, BY WARREN AND MORTIMER

While Youth, by hist'ry, is to virtue form'd,
Its oft by horror chill'd, by anger warm'd;
And here it weeps the infant Briton's doom,
Whom history points out in their wat'ry tomb.
Into deep dungeons see their murderers fall,
No more to feast in the ill-gotten hall;
Had Justice not in mockery held a sword,
While her veil hid the deed of either Lord.
Tis thine, oh History! to record the crimes
Of Christian heroes in those feudal times,

---

* Edward the First gave the guardianship of Madoc, whose share was Bromfield Castle, Dinas Bran, &c. &c. to Earl Warren; and, of Llewellyn, who was to have Chirk, &c. to Roger Mortimer. These lords soon caused the poor children to be drowned under Holt bridge. This I discovered in a manuscript communicated to me by the Rev. Mr. Price, keeper of the Bodleian library. Before that the manner of their deaths was current in the country, under the fable of the two young fairies, who had been destroyed in that manner, and in the same place, but the foundation of the tale was till very lately totally lost. The barbarity of the two guardians, so far from being punished by their master, was rewarded. Warren had the grant of Dinas Bran, and all Bromfield, confirmed to him, dated from Rhudland, Oct. 7, 1281; Mortimer, that of Chirk. See Pennant.

How first, they thro' a rivulet of blood,
Seiz'd on a hamlet, castle, or a wood,
Till exercis'd ambition bolder grown,
Lifted her hand, to pulling off a crown
From those stern brows, where by herself 'twas plac'd,
And from the *head*, by which it's not disgrac'd.
But from Ambition History charms the fiend.
By shewing where all sinful schemes must end;
Forces Abhorrence to her haughty soul,
Or scorn insinuates for each deed that's foul.
From crooked paths, lo! History's faithful lamp
Directs Ambition to the Cloister Damp.
No, rather to the World's commodious way,
Where she may all her energy display
To imitate our pattern on the Cross,
And give us Leighton,* or a Man of Ross.

THE PLAY-GROUND.

A WEDDED Swift; the Iron Mask;
Junius and Rowley; give a task
For fair Imagination;
Or rather leave her ground, (you'll say)
Where exercising every day
She finds new recreation.

ON DOMINICHINO.

'Tis an Italian sleeps beneath this stone,
Whose fate and character are little known;

* See Bishop Burnet's History of his own Times.

For fame, enamour'd of his favourite art,
Proud of that saint * he drew, forgot his heart.
Yes, Dominichino, who might well adorn
The Romish † Calendar, must live forlorn,
Tho' not without the eulogy from scorn,
Of patient and industrious, then thro' men
Dies by their passions suited to the Den.

Had not Dominichino been famed for patience, he might have been heard addressing the Moralist thus:

" And must I meet this slow-pac'd cruel death?
Come then, fond Moralist, account with me,
For all my loss of —— nay, for falsehood's breath
So often suck'd, while listening to thee."

" Virtue shall make the shaft of Slander vain,
" Her's tooth at force which triumphs o'er Despair,
" When Malice issues from his dark domain,
" To rally 'gainst us many a heavy care."

" Full of the sceptre which should break their yoke,
When they beheld the lord with pastoral wand:
(Rash man) 'twas thus the chosen people spoke,
Blind to those legions under his command.

---

* Saint Jerome.

† If only meek, he might be better than some of that church's saints.

" Think not were thine that highly temper'd shield
By so——n worn, 'twould ward the mortal blow;
Nor say, that we the words of truth conceal'd,
From idle hopes shall disappointment grow."

READING A MOST ILLIBERAL CHARACTER OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.*

COULDST thou no meaner subject choose,
When like thyself, thou wouldst amuse
Thyself by gathering Slander's breath,
But it must taint Elizabeth,
Great Queen! and without flattery said,
Great Wit! who could preserve her head,
Long by a gloomy Tyrant† sought.
No more by Hymen to be caught
Now than when Parliament's petition
Upon the altering her condition.
That still the same, she every measure
Can take, and change each step at pleasure.
Her hand kept free, can firmly grasp
At home the sceptre; once an asp,
Which did the subjects' vitals suck,
To Belgia now become a crook,
Castile deplores the blow it struck.
The charge of doating passion's void,
For see the rebel Earl‡ destroy'd;

* I have forgotten who was the author.

† Her sister Mary.

‡ Essex, though, through the traps set by his enemies.

Because, while looking on the axe,
Men often cease to pay the tax,
Which by strict prudence has so long
Been thought a debt due from the tongue.
Nor need we go about to prove,
Silence was not kept here, thro' love.
Not more than twelve! so say the chimes,
Somnus must answer for more rhymes.
No doubt Elizabeth was great;
The safety of her Church and State,
At least may much extenuate
Her conduct towards th' unhappy creature,*
Frail in her mind as fair in feature.
Methinks the worst deed of our Queen
Was when, (because of rank but mean)
She did not check the law's demand,
But let a subject lose his hand,†
For just the advice that Sydney gave her,
And which she took in time to save her.
Oh! had I but a Goldsmith's pen,
Above most patriotic men,‡

---

* Mary, queen of Scots.

† Hume, vol. —. p. —. Surely, even in those times, his presumption merited not such a punishment.

‡ Yes, above the sufferer, whose profession was arms, and receiving a stroke that was sure to immortalize him, is thus celebrated by the author of the Age of Louis the Fourteenth. "It cannot be too often related, that the same ball which killed him (Turenne) took off the arm of St. Hiliare, lieutenant-general of the artillery. His son shedding tears near him: 'It is not

You should behold this hero stand,
Who, waving with his only hand
His cap, in agony found breath
To cry, " Long live Elizabeth!"
While we exclaim, Ah what a portion
Of Loyalty! here no extortion
Drew the reluctant blessing out,
To pacify the gaping rout.
When of this wond'rous Queen I read,
Her darkest blot with me this deed.
And as I hear of no amends,
I hope, (and so must all her friends)
She never knew to what a heart
Was acted such a cruel * part.
Yet Stuarts' fav'rers deem her death †
The worst act of Elizabeth.
Tho' men grow thro' their love short-sighted,
By anger oftener still outwitted;
For her the worst, thus Mary's pitied.

---

for me,' said St. Hiliare, 'it is for this great man you should weep.' Words comparable to any thing that history has consecrated as heroic, and the most worthy eulogium of Turenne."

* That Elizabeth was sometimes cruel, cannot be denied; but might not thirteen pretenders to her crown, and her deposition by the Pope, add to her natural severity, though it was the less pardonable when it fell on a friend like this sufferer.

† At which dismal hour she shone a queen. It has been remarked, that the Stuarts were greatest, perhaps never great, but in adversity; and fortune seems to have delighted in affording them but too many opportunities of displaying the family virtue.

Fortune is blind, so it's no mystery,
That Scots and Frenchmen * write our history.

LIFE OF RALEIGH.

JANE spreads her garments o'er the wetted stair,
What more could Raleigh for the princely fair?

LIFE OF LORD HALIFAX.

OUR second Charles by Montague,
A pretty painting; and 'tis true
That Courtiers looking on their King,
The brilliant diadem shall fling
Over each feature such a glare,
That the most swarthy man seems fair.
Death having here the crown remov'd,
By this remark there's nothing prov'd
Against a likeness. Then he drew
To please the family in view†,
Or gratitude has given the hue.
Perhaps when flying but a thought
Oppressive, lawless pleasure caught
Our Charles, (th' illustrious 'mongst wits;)
And see, his wounded soul submits.

---

* Hume and Rapin. Though even by the former, Elizabeth has been more liberally treated than by some who were Protestants, and of her own country.

† Which he did, though I find on re-perusing the Life, that it was at the desire of the Chancellor of Cambridge, where Mr. Montague, a staunch Whig, then studied.

TO CERTAIN WRITERS.

COULD I but boast a ————'s name,
Then mine should carry your's to Fame:
Authors and Authoresses new,
To whom, methinks great praise is due;
But you have play'd too sure a card,
To miss of that, the best reward;
Here Curio cries, "Pray who are these?"
Read on to know them if you please,
It is not he, who dreaming draws
A fancy piece, and then the "Laws
"Of Nature," naming, wills in vain,
That the creation of his brain
Be studied, 'till it shall persuade,
How every wond'rous world was made;
Nor is it he, who shall produce
The tome professedly for use,
Of such as me, yet there will strew
Quotations Roman, not a few:
(Cruel, who with his pudding lures,
Then keeps its pith from Epicures;)
Whom leaving we, with pleasure look
Where it is Wisdom writes that book;
Which tough cow-hide is to enfold?
No, she will cover it with gold *.
Thus form his shield, when Vice shall roam,
T' attack the Infant at a home,

* Childrens' books were universally covered with such paper.

Where oaths pollute the Husband's lips,
The Wife, his threshold by her trips;
And there, the generous Vine forc'd in
Reason, to drown and buoy up sin,
Of duty left but little sense,
Their child from custom picks up pence;
While Heaven directs the opening mind,
Aid from the baby's book to find;
For much the pious Volume teaches,
That tale of "Master good Child" reaches,
Who there enticingly is prais'd,
While by the bad boy dread is rais'd.

DUCHESS OF MAZARINE.*

When we would expatiate
On the inconstancy of fate,
Let us think on Mazarine,
She, who might have been our Queen;
In whom the wealth of Queens once met,
Died here a stranger, and in debt.†

* Was asked in marriage by Charles the Second, and is said in the wealth of her uncle the Cardinal, to have possessed more than the portions of all the cotemporary queens of Europe put together. After the abdication of her friend James the Second, whose Consort was her countrywoman, the enemies of the Duchess reproached her for accepting the benevolent assistance of King William.

† That train of ideas by which I am hurried to those fine pieces of sculpture, near Boughton, must here meet the reader of St. Evremond, who will, to see him smile, on the rejection of that taste, which brought *heathen* deities into a *christian* temple.

TOOTH-ACH.

WHILE fearing, we must to the Dentist send,
Reading an author, who will still pretend
Just nothing all this pain, we wrong him greatly,
Should we suppose he had known NOTHING lately:
Thus, 'tis, when grey-beards to those brown or yellow,
Pourtray sly Cupid as a silly-fellow;
So long since with him you held conversation,
This Sketch is work'd by your imagination,
Exclaims the enamour'd youth,
But in his turn, perceives the touch of Truth;
For mock'd by memory, when the fit is off,
We, even at our heartfelt sorrows scoff.

READING AN AUTHOR WHO RECOMMENDS EXTRAORDINARY EARLY RISING.

WE cannot keep what company we choose,
I wish for Somnus, and behold the Muse!
How can we bear to read this book,
Who, as to earthly blessings, look
On sleep, as one among the best,
That is by wretched man possess'd;
Who in this world of woe, is vex'd
By many a fear about the next?
It may be age, or some disease,
Contrives our visual orb to teaze
So much, it must perforce refuse
The mental powers to amuse.

Our purse so narrow, 'twill deny
The letting in good company,
And not one friendly neighbour by.
How then shall Reason footing keep,
If we reject the aid of sleep?
Nay, Nature, if too long withstood,
Her fix'd attention for our good,
Thro' sleep, (in whom she so delights,
That to some Creatures months are nights);
Mourns him, who proud her laws to foil,
Slow poison pours in midnight oil;
O'er which he pants for fame and breath,
'Till doom'd to sleep the sleep of Death.

DESULTORY REMARKS* ON THE SORROWS OF WERTER.

ONE wholesome Herb the youthful pick †,
Which should they keep with care,
Their social circle feels not spleen,
Th' attendant of grey hair.

---

* Which might be spared, as even the writer of them acknowledges, that the popular ballad, beginning, "Woeful was the reign," is better calculated to oppose this pernicious book, than serious reflections, though from a pen which could enliven the most melancholy subject. See Moore's Suicide.

† The young will attend to these good observations, on a splenetic old age.

But gladly would the Moralist,
Your dangerous Work destroy;
That garden in which Vice is hid,
T' ensnare each Girl and Boy.

Who shun those cultivated spots,
Where Reason finds delight;
And to Despair's black cavern skip,
Where even Love can fright.

Sip not, oh! fluttering Beauty here,
But spread thy wings e'er long;
For thee with poison work'd that Web,
A thousand mazes strong.

Where cheerful once the Saffron glow'd,
Blackthorn henceforth how rife;
Then shall not simple Truth pronounce,
The pair undone for Life?

We doubt not but impetuous Youth,
Werter, in its own eyes;
From the controul thus fancied harsh,
To shew his Spirit flies.

Nor need Dulcinea long be sought,
Some sentimental Harlot,
Shall to his vicious Fancy seem,
The rival of a Charlotte.

At length alarm'd, but when and where?
'Tis St. Sepulchre's bell *;
From mem'ry calls forth Lillo's scene †!
Fear paints what none can tell.

The advocates for Werter boast,
Charlotte was not bereft
Of Honour; had he been but just,
How soon had she been left.

Werter must never be forgot,
Whose pure Self-love remark ‡;
Lest Time should Charlotte's peace restore,
His Letter fans the spark.

Yet how superfluous methinks,
Your Tomb within her reach;
That, to the long enamour'd heart,
You Elegies should teach.

Ungenerous; must poor Albert be
Convinced? (thy triumph told),
Her love with ardour flies to thee,
On him waits duty cold.

---

* Tolls when criminals go to execution.

† G. Barnwell.

‡ A contrast to this conduct of W. is to be found in the 10th Number of the Mirror.

Spirits benign, watch o'er that dome,
Whose Lord is growing grave;
Whilst blooming Females read this page,
Nor let them thoughtless brave.

Discretion following so fast,
The hapless Albert's mate,
That they, thro' giddiness outstep,
And weep a fallen State.

Absence is the specific given,
Those who've the old complaint *;
Such as this wholesome Draught refuse,
Perhaps to Death may faint.

For by the bitterest herbs we know,
Hygeia is replaced;
When by the treacherous Cane † dethroned,
That Flatterer of the taste.

Much to admire here, Genius sees,
And he may feel how good
The observation, "certain minds,
By few are understood."

---

* Love, is so called in some modern Comedy.

† Rum and sugar.

Let such a pen as this, no more
The part of Passion take,
Who always has sufficient strength;
But Reason's force awake.

FLOWER PIECES.

Garden at Arundel Castle.

BEFORE a wall of lofty mien,
Most uniformly cloth'd in green,
Are here judiciously display'd,
Upon a spacious long parade,
Hollyhock, Fennel *, and Sunflower,
To emulate the Prussian's † power.
The rearward these most stately grace:
Then Larkspur, Lychnis, and the race
Of Stocks and Lupins find their place;
While Dwarfs in front a numerous band,
Over a fine Turf ‡ can command,
The prowling Snail full sure as slow,
And Caterpillar tribe, their foe;
Who freely will admit the bee,
Th' interior of these lines to see;
And of their wealth receive a share
To hoard, but man shall mar her care;
From following him my Muse forbear.

* A sort called Giant Fennel.

† Frederick William the First had a regiment, in which the lowest stature was nearly seven French feet.

‡ The beauty of such a fine glow of colour, between the green wall and turf, is not to be described.

Long may this host maintain its ground,
Dispensing odours all around
That plot, by it made most delightful,
Where once war triumph'd in the frightful.
For foreign forces Kew so fitted,
Perhaps some natives* well omitted;
About the roll-calls am not clear,
None hid as they are, marshall'd here.
Yet 'mongst those strangers lodged with care,
Some will but this encomium bear;
And it is deem'd sufficient plea,
That these are a variety:
The ancient Castle and its Park†,
With more there, worthy of remark;
Are in our Travels met again;
But, (tho' far easier to obtain),
We've look'd for such a bed in vain.
This Generation, and the rising,
Assemblages like this despising.
Impious contempt, (far be thou hence),
Of wreaths prepar'd by Providence,
To Pleasure join with Innocence.
Mark! no tautology was here‡;
Thus, are those Arundelians dear

* We should rather say hardy plants.

† In which we found a stately plant (perhaps the Deadly Night Shade), with large bright and black berries; but looked in vain for the Osmond Royal, or Flowering Fern; which we, in our infancy understood to be growing in this neighbourhood.

‡ As far as we perceived.

To every one, who finds with me,
Much merit in this novelty;
And works of Indolence, or Haste,
Tho' men endued with attic taste,
Will surely look awry at ye,
The million court, Variety *.

THE PREMATURE CROCUS.

WHILE ——— village clock struck one,
'Twas to a Crocus said:
" I from my window court the Sun;
" You woo him to your bed.

" That bed where lately 'midst the snow,
" You seem'd a scrap of straw;
" Blown from this roof, yet still might glow,
" Would there but come a thaw.

" E'er long the silent shower descends,
" The rime now crackling flies;
" But here your woes nor mine must end,
" For then those fogs arise.

" Which last, 'till without power to blow,
" The Earth by you is press'd;
" While round thee fallen buds shall grow,
" Those buds by Flora bless'd.

* Which they get in titles of books, at least.

" Who safe within their sheath shall keep
" Them, 'till the season kind;
" When with security they peep,
" No more the Winter's wind."

Thus pinching Poverty o'ercome,
By Industry or care;
Upon poor brother Lubin's tomb,
The ruddy Urchins stare.

WOOD SORREL *.

To speak of one I much esteem,
The sylvan Sorrel is my theme:
Modest, worthy, little known †,
To me some raven days have flown;
Since I welcom'd your return,
Where you peep'd ‡, 'midst leaves of fern;
Holly, Ivy, and all those,
Who toughly coated, can oppose,
So well when dead, the frost and rain,
They something of their form retain;

---

* Or alleluia; no doubt, this name being occasioned by some cure; it is on this account only preferable to the pompous Oxitripyllon.

† Considering it was amongst those salutiferous herbs, planted in the island of St. Helena, by the Portuguese.

‡ This plant is of a very bright green colour.

Thus, where Palermo hoards those skins,
Well-toasted into ghast'y grins * ;
She may behold some English youth
An angel † midst the scene uncouth;
To-morrow shall present your flow'rs,
On which, the unerring Pencil pours:
Nor dazzling dust, nor scarlet's glow,
No lovely Quaker. For the beau
Of Guernsey ‡, or as rich a belle,
Yclept we think, the Gentianelle;
Let Curiosity repair
To Palaces, she'll find them there;
By painted, and the impurest earth,
Surrounded on the polish'd hearth;
Or, ornamented, Tripod standing,
Her closest scrutiny demanding:
Here too, we have from Ganges' shore
Beneath, but Iron gilded o'er,
A hapless captive, half recovering;
Our Winter, its thinn'd plumage hovering;
While we've the melancholy strain
Of instinct, struggling with pain.

---

* For this purpose, as see Moor's or Brydone's Travels.

† Which pun of a Pope, (see Hume) was perhaps recollected by Shakspeare, when Catharine in the 3d act of Henry the Eighth, says "Ye've angels' faces; but Heaven knows your hearts."

‡ The Guernsey lily, is scarlet and gold.

Can famish'd* Fish our eye amuse
So much, that we a sigh refuse;
To woe with scourg'd Peru's enroll'd,
Its cause the same bewitching gold,
How lost Humanity, were you,
When a new ocean gave the clue,
Which Avarice shall still pursue.
More prisoners! let us leave the hall,
Where Monkies sport, while fetters gall:
From these, to yonder fields repair,
Sweet Liberty, the Sovereign there;
Around whose throne, enraptur'd singing,
Whilst the mild shower her crown is bringing:
Her carpet, winds waft from the Thistle,
Cease trifling Fancy, is that whistle;
Or, from the Thrush, or Shepherd's boy,
No matter, 'tis the voice of joy;
Now, so far on our charming walk,
What should our expectation baulk?
The guilty hat, with eggs, and young,
That deed more shocking rest unsung:
On last night's promise we repair,
To recognise our flow'r so fair;
Except where to diversify
Veins of the chasten'd Tyrian die,
Tho' hid herself beneath the blade
Of grass, there robb'd to form a shade;

* As gold fish can live but a short time in glasses, it is evident they must live in misery.

Because her compress'd, scallop'd leaves,
Mab for a Paralune receives;
For as our beauties deem pernicious,
The brighter Sol; Fays, more malicious,
Full oft the prying Dian* find,
When in the light car, nicely lin'd,
Of glossy chestnut, these reclin'd;
Like to Italia's dames pursue,
Their pleasures o'er the midnight dew.
Yon grove its foliage don't unfold
So far, but yet with ease is told,
How many of the jetty plume,
Domestic duties reassume;
While follow'd by the Urchin's sighs,
To whom the aerial nest denies
Access; but ah! those dismal cries
Thro' a sulphureous cloud rush here,
To tell us man, and death † are near.

---

* Speaking of Portugal, I have constantly noticed the women hold their fans in such a manner as to prevent the Moon from shining upon their faces: and speaking of Madrid, I was walking one evening with the great O'Reilly in his garden; having my hat under my arm, he desired me to be covered, as he said that the Moon was in that climate more dangerous than the Sun.—Dalrymple's Travels.

Sir Richard Hawkins likewise mentions the pernicious effects of the Moon's beams in the Cape de Verd Islands, and on the coast of Guinea.

† Though we are sorry that any one should derive *pleasure* from shooting them, we need not go to Plutarch to learn that

We haste to your umbrageous plains,
But reach its ancient seat in vain;
The angler*, who, but would avoid?
His, are those gloomy hours, uncloy'd,
By gasping jaws, and writhing worms,
His sport our dullest page deforms.
Tho' shock'd, we leave him who's regaling,
Upon his plotting and impaling;
For those condemn'd to get their living,
By deepest treachery and diving:
'Twere rash to disapprove those measures,
But rank not such among your *pleasures*.
Would cruelty in masks decoy,
Suspect her, who with voice of joy,
Calls you to worry or destroy †.

---

to some persons, the cawing of a crow is so disagreeable when close to a house, that they are obliged to drive them away.

* But we are glad of the above authority for calling fishing, a filthy, base, illiberal, employment, having neither wit nor perspicuity in it, nor worth the labour; "but we are not certain whether it is a quotation, or himself, who says "after mentioning those advantages that may accrue to a young man from hunting as exercise, contempt of danger, labour, and the like, that in fishing there is nothing worth his while, for never any of the gods got honour by the surname of Conger killer; never any of the deities gloried in being a darter of mullets.

† After something to the same purpose as our last four lines, Sir Matthew Hale says, "And, therefore, those things of this nature, that others have practised as recreations, I have avoided as sins.

Hail Botany *! those you enchant,
With Innocence hie to the haunt
Of many a coy variety;
Who, mantled from the vulgar eye,
Makes wealthy the sequest'ring grove,
The *gentle* man such sports shall love;
Tho' Curiosity invite
Him, Pity shall direct aright:
This pensive Dame would never share
In some collections, tho' most rare;
And when man must destroy his foe
In earth, or air, he still should know,
'Tis his superior nature's test,
To harbour Pity in his breast.
Forbid by Time to longer roam,
We now almost arriv'd at home;
Must bid adieu to thee, my plant,
Of whom a Poet well might chant.
When Health attends me, I will rove
To meet thee in the lane I love.

---

* Though a certain author declares,

"The new found fibre of some grassy blade,
"Well suits the idle hours of some old maid,"

I must ever envy the Botanist, who, in many counties can find an amusement accessible to weak health, or purse, and at least approved of as such, in the —— No. of the Rambler.

But where you wind around those moss'd
Arms, which are over Fynach * cross'd,
Thou art to me for ever lost.
If to my prayer, Health's still denied,
Be thou my wearied couch beside,
To bless me in that thirsty hour,
When friends reluctantly shall pour.
Nay, perseverance join'd by thee,
Can triumph o'er th' insidious sea,
Which would o'erwhelm vitality;
Nor ineffectual shall be found,
Your virtues on the recent † wound.
But my disease beyond your cure,
Tho' I will hasten to assure
Thee, while I'm able to admire
Simplicity, thou canst not tire;
Think not I'll send the barbarous foot
With iron, to invade thy root;
And, therefore, to my cottage grace,
Give what the next Spring shall replace.

---

* In Wales, this plant growing on those ancient trees, branches of which arch over the cataract at the Devil's Bridge, make a most uncommon and pretty appearance.

† Though we must acknowledge, this is but the opinion of an old Herbalist (Culpepper) who also mentions its efficacy in pestilential fevers and inflammations, and that it makes a very delicate syrup; that its juice must allay thirst, cannot be doubted. It flowers in April and May.

ON SEEING MISS ———, DISPOSE MINUTE FLOWERS.

FINE taste would often clothe a hill,
Fringe round a bank, or limpid rill;
Decoy o'er steeps thro' tangled shades,
'Till we admire it in Cascades:
Sometimes would decollate that wood *,
Which dar'd obscure the Monarch flood;
Or quite removing, leaves a lawn,
Where Phœbus smiles upon the fawn,
Which fancies it shall gambols play,
With Liberty before the day;
Unconscious of the lurking fence,
Which shuts Britannia's goddess hence.
We're told on meeting with a place
Where all is verdure, (oft the case),
Taste who to please a friend of her's,
(Variety), is not averse
To even training up the copse
Of short liv'd elegance, from hops
Exclaims, " has Winter never lost
" His sway with you?" what more can Frost
" Deterring by its hardy boast.
" The coming Spring's long wish'd for hours,
" Than point out plots which should be flowers?"

* A wood, not a tree.

'Tis Taste, thro' every grove shall twine,
The fragile vetch, or loftier bine;
Who, if its honied lip should fail,
Has strength to wrestle with the gale;
That our fastidious dame a treasure,
Possesses in her hand-maid Leisure:
A meaner Poet might conceive,
Than that great genius, who for Eve,
No less than Amaranth's could weave.
Not to a Paradise confin'd,
'Tis Taste will frolic with the Wind.
At northern hearths, and surely there,
We caught her with the "Noontide air *,"
With which 'mongst flags and fairy Ferns,
To Grottos crept, fine Taste from Urns,
Selects the vivid moss and leaf †,
For Admiration; of the sheaf,
Will beg its finery, to dress
That horn, which shall the Nations bless:
This done, She stoops to twenty races,
For these prepar'd as many vases;
Thus each small Flower asserts its hue,
And at a distance, gets the due
Applause, tho' close to "red and blue ‡."
That Beauty may from fields arise,
Such shading proves to half-shut eyes.

* "Would ye taste the noontide air," a favorite old song.

† Harts or hounds tongue, grows very beautifully on those inclined urns, through which, a stream pours in grottos.

‡ Poppy and Cornbottles, so called in an early paper of the Rambler.

Hence vindicated Nature plac'd,
Next to herself so pure a Taste;
Who, as she thus employ'd her Leisure,
Was met by no illicit Pleasure.

THE TRIPLE JOY; OR, FLORA AND FASHION.

THE votary of Fashion's pleas'd
Three times, The first, when Sarcenets teiz'd
Tho' in amends, at length she gives
That wound, by which his commerce lives.
And now, arrives the second hour
Of Joy: That ever welcome power,
Attending in the dressing room,
Enlivens Henrietta's bloom;
While to Mamma, she there displays,
The silken fold a thousand ways;
Impatient for the expected aid
Of Gimp, suppose her gown now made:
Where is the fancy found so dull,
It from our hand requires a pull;
Nay, even Reynolds paints, in vain
Attempting, (conscious of her train);
The air of Hetty's smile and head,
Up the Saloon by graces led:
Flora, as Fashion reigns to those,
Who, thro' a sober time shall lose
Respect, for that capricious Queen,
Tho' many who were kneeling seen;
To Flora, in their early youth
Confess, thro' due regard for Truth:

Far from receiving adoration
Their, Goddess now is slave to Fashion;
I here bid Gratitude relate,
From ruminating upon Fate;
How Flora calls me up yon hill,
With th' aromatic tribe to fill
My hand, than thro' the furrow'd fields,
Where Sloth, to me, such harvest yields;
I, from her crop of every hue,
The Idols of my hearth renew;
And where's the meadow, or the wood,
That to my taste refuses food?
Nay, —— even the tempestuous Ocean,
To Flora fails not in devotion;
Nor shall, with churlish thrift confine,
His tribute to the Coraline:
Pale Poppies, and (without being sick),
One*, from that well-known class we pick,
With which, the Cambrian oft regales
Its leaf, the Lily of the vales;
And not unpleasing to our sight,
Its starry clusters which are white,
Like to the Belles, our second pleasure,
In viewing when at home, this treasure;
And must the pretty Nosegay fade?
Mem'ry shall conjure up its shade;

* The sea garlick, or onion; and we may presume, that neither this nor the yellow poppy made part of the NOSEGAY.

In this poor verse, thro' which those hours,
Else chain'd by spleen, fly wreath'd with Flowers.

CHARACTERS.

Dr. P——l. *

NEAR yonder antique pile, there lives—
But who amongst his flock forgives;
Should I attempt their Pastor's praise,
In my uncultivated lays?
Blest Orator, where'er you speak,
E'en Folly would not silence break;
And when on holy ground you teach,
Our secret Sins your voice can reach:
For we with such attention listen,
The haughtiest eyes now meekly glisten;
Until Repentance shall arise,
To Mercy wafted by her sighs:
And Youth, yes, giddy youth in fear,
Lest the conclusion should be near:
Th' expected blessing must console,
P——l so run thy Christian goal;
We really hope that Peace and Love,
You draw upon us from above,
Thee, did they hear both Turk and Jew,
His Faith and Life would shape anew.
How gladly, if by form allow'd,
Thy Congregation round thee crowd,
Trying, who first should gain the door,
For thy Discourse, their thanks to pour:

But this, by decency denied,
Affection lingers at your side.
Yes, you behold her in our pace,
And that dejection in each face,
Which says, "Must P———l, leave this place?"
But in thee, is that Scripture prov'd
Of, Heaven chastening its belov'd;
With whom, that Resignation lives,
Which her benign assistance gives.
What, tho' thy couch its rest denies,
You see a Sun of glory rise,
To guide thee to eternal Skies.
No selfish thought with P———l dwells,
When youth is pleas'd, or age excels.

Once, when his guests to dance* withdrew,
He thus a friend address'd:
"May pleasure on their footsteps wait,
"O be they ever bless'd.

"This hour, a bliss I seldom find,
"Is given me to attain;
"For several moments now are past,
"Since I have felt a pain."

FRUGO.

LET us be credulous, when common Fame,
Does with the Virtues join a Stranger's name;

* At the R—— assembly

As the ag'd Female*, whom ill-luck pursues,
Or, as the youthful, when her favorite woos;
As Superstition in the gothic day,
Or Wits of this, from Reason led astray;
When they believe, uniting atoms dance,
To make a figure in the hands of Chance:
But where Experience has been mine for years,
With common Fame, 'tis she who interferes;
Where Frugo lives, should mice attempt to glean,
'Tis vain, his soup has left the bone so clean:
Search'd is each cupboard by the vagrant fly,
And every shelf leaves her proboscis dry;
Not but the quantity, had nations drown'd,
Did they attempt the pitcher's depth profound;
But well 'tis known, our Insect epicure,
Can ne'er the simple element endure:
At Frugo's hearth sits Prudence, trusty dame!
Who with a rod of iron rules the flame;
From ways of darkness held, to reach but far,
As the bright region of an upper bar.
Flame ill-supplied, thou shalt no further go,
When the brisk East diverts himself with snow;
Tho' my teeth chatter, and my fingers ache,
My confidence well-founded, cannot shake:
And should we tell to make the matter worse,
When Charity *in public* bears her purse;

---

* It is common for such persons to change their places.

Of coolness that might virtuous anger fan,
I saw the Miser, but I know the man:
E'er long by him, his heaps are gladly roll'd,
To some wreck'd wretchedness, a shore of Gold;
Or, to strict Justice sacrificed the horn
Of Amalthea,——Frugo smiles at scorn.
For since 'tis but a heart-felt thrust,
Receiv'd from strokes that are unjust;
How blest are those who wounded feel,
They may from man to God appeal.

THE CLERK ON HIS RETURN TO TOWN WITH HIS MESSAGE.

BENEATH a tree, some five miles from the town,
The ingenuous stripling threw his tablets down;
After a moment that his frowns and sighs,
Borrow'd still stronger language from his eyes;
Thro' sympathy, they fix'd upon the Oak,
And thence inspir'd, the generous Briton spoke.
Why, cries Experience, why from age to age,
The Courtier * ribbanded in moral page;
With gaudy † plumage and ambitious wings,
To twirl the weathercock of Time and Kings?
Or, by each Bard, and Orator be hung?
The bird impertinent of borrow'd tongue?

---

* "He is a weather cock that turns always with the air of the court." *Wm. Bulstrode*, p. 3d.

† A king's fisher hanged by the beak, sheweth in what quarter the wind is, by an occult and secret property, converting the breast to that point of the horizon, from whence the wind doth blow, is a received opinion. *Brown's Vulgar Errors.*

Nay, deeper indignation to provoke,
Behold him held up, but a Spanish cloak;
Which still convenient clings, as we are told,
Fast to its wearer, be he hot or cold.
Shall all the efforts of contempt, or rage,
The Courtier from his interest disengage?
To palace roofs, why strain we for deceit,
When men of business every where we meet?
Here catch her features, while these all profess
To know the world, and manage with address:
How few amongst them who will not submit,
Within the whisper of a knave to sit;
And to his flattery sometimes lend an ear,
Hear their defence, how often must we hear,
"You by restriction would life's-current stop;"
No, mend the habit, and corruption lop.
Not longer void of generous warmth, the heart
Shall beat subservient to the breath of art;
"I cannot dig, live there but knaves? for bread,
To knaves must something civilly be said."
Sure 'ere this tongue could its offence repeat,
The wounded spirit had forsook its seat,
Unless necessity (that strong excuse),
Might then a torpor upon shame produce;
But 'mongst the greedy million would I toil,
With such a herd at length to feed in style?
Goodly the heritage of every kind,
That gives the owner room to speak his mind.
Yet think not you have met the churl in Lear;
No, gentle Candour, thee we summon here:

By thee how clearly are those bounds descried,
That mark an honest, from a little pride.
The youngest son of Commerce, were our doom,
To wield the hammer or direct the loom;
Say but her slave, whose duty 'tis to bring
T' her meanest altar the most trifling thing
That Nature, nay that Fashion, may require;
Of tasks like these, have mortals leave to tire?
No; but when we to thriving knaves must bear
The smiling draught, unwholesome as 'tis fair:
" Thus are connexions gained, my pretty youth,
And credit rises by the fall of Truth."
'Tis not obedience, that our spirit braves,
Truth bears me witness, but to bend to knaves.
Know, when we think the vehicle is pure
With gratitude, the caustic we endure,
For, every wound, not oil and wine shall cure.
Such sentiments which strict example bred,
Were kindly foster'd by the books we read,
When Fate capricious from our College led
Into the world, but farther can't controul,
(In such a body,) an offending soul.
How must the fashions of the town oppress,
Thro' Custom easy, our severer dress;
By whose command behold the Indian wear,
The shaggy product of his flinty spear;
Shall he of harshness, or of weight complain?
But flimsy habits gall him thro' disdain.
The hollow cask now meets the glutted coach,
Our novice thus inform'd of night's approach;

Over some rood of heath a Cato stalks;
Thence, "Rule Britannia," humming as he walks.

ON ————, ESQ.

Alas poor man! by me how few,
Have dealt so worthily as you;
And for your conduct towards another,
The best of men may call him brother;
Of whom, tho' I ne'er saw the face,
He, in my mind, preserves a place;
Tho' now by death, become possess'd
Of mansions, Grief cannot molest.

XANTIPPE.

Of her, how can I give a notion,
Upon whose levee waits commotion?
Young simple creatures without wages,
The shrew would have expert as pages.
She in her kitchen such a guest,
As Elderberry finds in yeast;
Whom we consider but a Turk,
For setting this weak thing to work.
Such notability, —— hence! hence!
Rather than thee, for Indolence;
We spare the cobweb and the dust,
Open our books and hallow rust;
Upon her foes the moth shall riot,
And Indolence now wedding quiet:

Tho' fretted long since to a floss,
By the impetuous tug and toss;
Xan's bell-rope turns a fiddle string,
A feather from the useless wing *,
Becomes our bow, in dreams we sing,
The charms of Indolence, and Leisure
Snails of our dance, direct the measure;
And as these rites are duly done,
The soothing pair reclothe our bone.
From an arch'd roof (I think 'tis said),
Suspended, but by one fine thread,
That a terrific weapon hung;
What was this, but the shrewish tongue?
And 'tis to our assertions prove,
Such tongues the gentlest breath can move
Those, who e'er felt, this two-edg'd falchion,
Will mark those days we've drawn, as Halcyon.
But leaving this fantastic strain,
To the discerning eye how plain
It is, economy loves silence,
Here kept by clamour, who a while hence
Departs, Xantippe going out,
Intent on being at a rout.
The gentlewoman, but we read
How very badly those succeed,
Who try to turn the worthy knight †
Into a Turk, he smiles in spite;
Reverse the matter, and you're right.

* Wings of geese are used for hearth brushes.

† Sir R. de Coverley.

THE PASTORAL NYMPH.

DOES it a judgment clear betoken
In him who says, the steed unbroken
Is far less vicious than the pad,
Who has an education had;
Alas! Arcadian innocence,
For many ages banish'd hence;
Did a fine portrait leave behind,
From which most commonly we find,
Our modern Pastorella drawn,
Looking for lambkin on the lawn,
Unless within some shady bower,
She hears of love and picks a flower;
Or shall beside a gentle stream,
Most sweetly sleep. Truth cries, "a dream,
Pretty enough," but only grants
Us something, like Pastora's haunts:
Our landscape teeming with offences,
Against the family of senses;
I' the linnets pause, we hear the frog,
While Phœbus leaves our vales to fog;
As for the village-maid herself,
She has a pretty turn for pelf,
(Which we suppose induc'd the sage,
To amuse us with the golden age):
Slander, caprice, and all the rest,
That can profane the female breast.
Poor Blowzilind! at feasts, and fairs,
The simplest grace, her laughter scares;

Before to her full stature grown,
The roses from her cheek are flown;
At least to Austria's briar they turn,
And 'midst the faded lilies burn:
By the church-warden made a wife,
Now Poverty embraces Strife,
For the remainder of her life.
Her offspring wheedled to the wars,
Grow old, 'mongst lashes, gin, and scars;
Or by Quartana of the swamp,
Falls young, upon an Autumn camp.
Talk of *caprice*, to those they hate,
Some wish dependence for their fate;
When by the *novice* this is read,
The rich man pops into his head
Experience, proving, we endure
As much, if doom'd to court the poor.

NIP WORLDLY.

Nip Worldly, such the name he chose,
Whose father, far from one of those,
That character, but rarely seen,
The finish'd gentleman I mean:
Who, with the housewife, or the clown,
Would chat on subjects all their own:
His morals, as his manners good,
This gentleman, be 't understood,
Much wish'd to lead his only son,
The lib'ral course himself had run;
By lure correction, and the rest,
For learning wish'd to give him zest;

Death soon releasing Nip from fear,
Transferr'd those lands, which every year,
Might a contented mind create,
Even by modern estimate;
But what was it possess'd the lad,
To be vast rich, none think him mad?
A lucrative employment chose,
Far from the ancient hall, he goes
To the Metropolis, while there
Observe him, and how ends his care.

From Philomath who did not know,
That Worldly ne'er unbent the bow;
Came an account of all he found
Most worthy, as he look'd around;
" Burn this," cries Nip, " your foreign clime
To read about were losing Time."

When to a party friends invite,
'Tis No, ——— with hope to thus excite
His curiosity, Tom cries,
" We've this dame fair, and t'other wise.
" Those are but dolls, and wit's a crime
" Of females, 'gainst our precious Time."

Another spark throws in his way
The Tale, by Goldsmith, Odes by Gray;
Tho' novelty then join'd the Muse,
Who shall by ages little lose
The Worldlies, never fond of rhyme,
He better knew to value Time.

A second letter he receives,
Because the nat'ralist believes,
His old play-fellow can't despise,
That taste his father us'd to prize:
" Hey! chalk, and grass! did he make lime
" And brick, he'd better spend his Time."

How well upon the Holy-day,
Did ——— preach, or ——— play;
And human law for order speaks,
But as such rule he *cheaply* breaks;
In vain for him the bells may chime,
For while they pray he's gaining Time.

The offended Sciences and Art,
In mockery vow'd to touch his heart;
When led by Care to find Bilk out,
He reach'd the gallery 'midst a shout;
Nip pleas'd with tricking pantomime,
Declares he'll come another Time.

But sickness, and threescore conspir'd,
Behold him, where he lives retir'd;
By wealth, among the nobles class'd,
But lo! their patience would not last;
And now, as these have fallen off,
Contempt is caught, Esquires scoff.
While Hodge can see 'bout working land,
The gemman does not understand;
Now where is that internal friend,
Who shall from lassitude defend?

'Tis 'gainst himself that man shall prime,
Who with his glass would murder Time.

THE MAN OF CHARACTER.*

WHO to the Winter's blast will bare his breast?
Exclaim'd sleek Hum-us, as in smiles he dress'd;
And where's that drudge, his trade has learnt so ill,
To hope cold iron shall relent at will?
But for a Hum-us, is this hackney'd art,
Yes,—still successful with the youthful heart;
And many forward in the Christian school,
Shall to the knave, for ever be a fool;
As with his class you grant him on a par,
The schemes of cunning whose is it to mar?
The meek as turtles, tho' as serpents wise,
So small in number Hum-us shall despise,
Pursue his Art, and see!—the guineas rise.

* The experienced well know how difficult a stranger finds it to get at the *true* character, for who will venture to give such an account of a thriving man, as they have by chance heard from the oppressed, and which would be loudly contradicted by those with whom it is his interest to be honest, or with whom only the business of dinner and tea-table is transacted; let me, therefore, warn our novice, that the man of character being often no more than a knave guarded, is far more dangerous than a man of no character at all.

THE BALLETTE.

TEN times for Winter in his glittering cap,
Has Autumn clear'd the way, with empty lap;
Since we beheld the volatile Monsieur,
For heavy English guineas, spread the lure:
Look! what an attitude, his heel! his toe!
That vault incredible! how charming! tho'
Here, each poor man may at his ease admire,
The first of actors there, at length must tire;
See then Simplicity and Love, advance
'Mongst myrtle bowers, thro' roseat wreaths they dance,
While varied Graces sporting with the crook,
A crowd of smiles assemble when 'tis shook;
Thus, to amuse us brought the rural train,
While our late idol*, with familiar pain,
Wrestling, forgets not to adjust his dress,
Those wires pinch'd closer which support the tress:
More rouge and powder, two essential things,
Behold the God renew'd, before us springs;
To jump still higher, quicker twirl about,
While at each feat rude rapture bellows out:
But here, lament your lot, ye happy few,
Who in the stage-box loll, in vain to you,
The powder bloom, or ringlet he'll renew.
Tho' on a flowery turf your valets gaze,
To you' 'tis all but pasteboard, paint, and baize;

* First Opera dancer.

Thus, for new schemes, should Policy require,
The man of this world sometimes to retire;
Hum-us aware of its impertinence,
T'avert a glance, employs benevolence,
But all his art is seen by men of sense.

TALES.

Dear Youth, these Tales I tell to you,
To Youth, the oldest Tale is new.

THE BIRD TO THE LEAVES.

AYE, now, when no one thinks of killing,
You are to hang about us willing:
But, in December's sanguine day,
Why then, from us, you fall away,
Just so it is 'mongst men they say.

THE WEDDING.

THIS World has order'd so the matter,
He, by false Prudence, has a daughter;
Tho' sprung from cunning, and a rogue,
Believe me, very much in vogue;
So much, that every where we meet
That busy squinting thing Deceit,
Who was from out the cradle bed,
By her officious mother, led
To be to dear Self-int'rest wed;
That Int'rest, whom she keeps in view,
When most she seems to watch for you:

Deceit so fruitful too, we're sick
Enough, of many a little trick.

REASON AND FANCY.

When a *wild* Fancy thro' the day,
By Reason is debarr'd from play;
Her rule, i'the eye of Prudence, gold,
The madcap, feels both hard and cold.
" From Freedom sprung, must she submit,
" To narrow rules that govern wit?"
An assignation made with sleep,
Fancy o'er Reason's rule shall leap;
And mocking whom she much despises,
Now argues, frowns, and catechises:
The urn thrown out with treasure big,
Some dupe for it shall go to dig,
Whom other Fancies might persuade
To drug the bowl, and bare the blade;
So from the terror of a cat,
Within her hole, sits madam rat,
When Tabby's in Lucina's power,
Then is arriv'd that happy hour,
Which gives to flirt it with the flour
E'en with the very cream carouse,
And bring disorder thro' the house.

YOUTH AND LOVE.

One moment Youth, forbear to play,
Come,—I have something strange to say;

The wanton hears, and is advancing
(For I hear the step of dancing),
With his favorite by his side;
Who shall Youth from her divide?
'Tis Poverty, or slow disease;
No.—Mirth is his in spite of these.
'Tis Love who comes in sweet disguise,
The veil of Beauty o'er his eyes;
Between the fold a Zephyr creeps,
And the embroider'd myrtle peeps
Pretty, innocent enough,
He comes to play at blindman's buff.
That quiver by Mamma tied on,
Just to please her little son;
Careless Youth, don't see the arrows,
Are wing'd by either doves or sparrows:
At length, when he has lost his smiles,
And roses too, suspecting wiles;
Poor Youth, would with his playmate part,
But finds himself without a heart:
Dear Boy, attend to what I say,
When Love approaches dance away.

THE ADVENTURES OF BEAUTY AND INNOCENCE.

Now you must know, gentle reader, when I dreamt of another sphere,
They were a different sort of gentlefolks, to what we meet with here,

So I'm very much afraid that my story won't be clear:
Without any further proem, I will call her perpetual Youth,
Whose girls, Innocence, and Beauty, had a governess nam'd Truth;
Now you'll guess it was with her, that these damsels went a walking,
A worthy person to be sure, but then very fond of talking:
So she says to 'em, "My dears, don't you see yonder dusky spot?"
After looking with much attention, the girls answer'd they could not;
Well, cries she, do but fly to the top of this purple cloud,
"Oh, that speck," now they see it plainly, but they titter'd away so loud,
On her telling them, 'twas a pretty home for a whimsical set of creatures,
Tho' something like themselves, that Truth pucker'd up her features.
To sooth her, then they begg'd she would describe the place unto 'em,
Which the good old Lady did, little thinking 'twould undo 'em;
Endeavouring to explain to them troubles and decays,
She talk'd about a monster who eat up those nights and days;

Of whom he was the parent, and on that account
call'd Time,
Her pupils understood it not, but thought it could
be no crime,
If they merely took a peep at this queer sort of a
place,
Yet they found that there must be no asking in
the case:
So altho' a flashy comet had offer'd them his
car,
For the sake of being snug*, they set off with the
evening star;
And by this means they arriv'd very safely at the
moon,
From which planet they took cloud, 'till they met
an air balloon.
Soon Beauty, hapless virgin! beheld her bloom
decrease,
Thro' the monster, Truth describ'd, whose ravages
ne'er cease;
While her sister drawn away by a shewy dame
call'd Fashion,
Was Innocence no more, but became the slave of
passion:

---

* That inconsistency which makes Innocence, and the pupil of Truth, capable of deceit, must give *our* dream the superiority of being more natural, and thus attone for all other defects.

At length these cruel tidings were brought to their Mamma,
Who was griev'd beyond expression, that the rigours of the law
Would not admit of their return, for bad as matters were,
She hoped to make 'em better, by something like our care:
But Innocence from earth could never be recover'd,
While the superlunar Beauty thro' the court's indulgence, hover'd
In variety of forms, around her native sphere,
Tho' without the smallest chance of being re-admitted there.
Now attend to the conclusion, as affecting as 'tis true,
Beauty to look for Innocence, still in December's dew
Decends upon our earth, where she in rime congeals,
Here to remain the longer, by the generous sun who feels
For the vanity of her hope, she is forc'd hence in a mist,
But in spite of his endeavours, the fond girl won't desist
From seeking her lost sister, and when things will not allow
A near approach, o'er earth beauty bends in the rainbow.

HUMAN LEARNING.

LEARNING, beneath her favorite volumes bent,
Chewing hard words, pallid, and barefoot went,
With all the dust of Greece and Rome besprent;
Gaining great heights she seem'd,
But at the stroke of Death cried out "I dream'd."
Now, the true Wisdom never yet was known,
Like this poor mimic to go on alone;
Pure Piety, and Health, by her caress'd,
'Tis their united smiles must soon be bless'd,
With the twin Cherubs, who 'fore Wisdom play,
Thro' but for them that melancholy way,
Where every thorn for cheerfulness shall bloom,
And Hope shall chase each goblin from the tomb.

THE PEDIGREE.

AGE, did the great Experience take to wife,
Who brought Discretion, comfort of his life;
Now fair Discretion, though it may seem strange,
Would wed with wrinkl'd Care, nor wish'd to change:
Indeed, this family agreed together,
So well, within 'twas commonly fine weather;
Now in due time did this Discretion bear,
The lovely Piety to worthy Care;
And, to pursue our Pedigree we find,
For that Perfection this chaste damsel pin'd;
Who, tho' he never could be met with here,
Wedded our Piety in a higher sphere;

And from their union, 'twas the being grew,
Who on its birth, to Heaven an Angel flew.

DISCRETION AND WIT.

METHINKS, I see Discretion sit,
Calling aloud to truant Wit;
" Keep by my side," he nods and smiles,
But to escape has twenty wiles;
Aye, there he goes, and will not leave,
To twitch Importance by the sleeve;
'Till he has given such a pull,
As must discover goodman dull:
And now to Vanity, he hollows
In Flattery's tone, and then she follows
Our idle rogue about the town,
'Till she has soil'd her fame and gown.
Nay, let Ambition take his stride,
Ever so rapidly and wide,
Yet in a moment at his side,
Is Wit, presenting the balloon,
To take him home unto the Moon;
Over the bars of Avarice,
He often hangs up some device,
Where, thro' the comfortless and cold,
You see a monument of gold;
When from Discretion far away,
With mischief on the ice at play,
Our Wit, tho' so expert an elf,
Hardly contrives to save himself;

Steps still more dangerous, he shall measure,
When round the World he's led by Pleasure;
Led, to embrace one Vice, that throng
Appears, by which he's forc'd along:
Pleasure, (now sought by Wit in vain),
Was lost amongst the numerous train
Of Sorrows, Vice must entertain.
Our wretched youth his error learns,
E're to Discretion he returns;
Which, lest you doubt it, let me mention,
Wit does, thro' good Time's intervention.

THE ELOPEMENT OF IMPERTINENCE.

GIGANTIC Genius, (as that elf,
Impertinence would call himfelf;)
Was of his Fancy grown so proud,
That with her he would scale a cloud,
Regardless of the great offence
Committed against common-sense.
When in possession of this vast hill,
They people with their whims, a castle;
Dreaming by common-sense they're follow'd,
This foe is by our Giant swallow'd;
Who oft with Time has play'd Procrustis,
At length awaken'd by stern justice,
The guilty pair 'twixt smiles and snarling,
Would from the Critic save their darling;
And need I tell you who she is?
Who, but the false Hypothesis?

THE SLUG ON THE FALLOW.

By Fortune, a poor blackmoor led
Forth from the fragrant Ivy's bed,
In evil hour, to cross a hill,
The ants were labouring to fill:
Tell us, proud man, a lion by,
What better for your six-feet high;
But that a tree you quickly climb,
And thus preserve each trembling limb?
Could the slug reach yon dock, its stem
Is quite accessible to them;
What can a glossy coat avail,
Oh! for the beetle's coat of mail;
And envied those of her own race,
Who in a house defy the chace.
"Unhappy wanderer! hostile shore!
I see the greedy * million pour
Thee while yet living, to devour."
Exclaimed Humanus, while the slug
He laid up, in a corner snug:
When lo! this but immoral action,
This stealing, for a wretch protection,

---

* Not that we bear ill will to that example of industry, but think with a wise heathen, that ant hills should not be opened through mere wantonness.

Did in the landlord's breast create
Disgust, and thus he urg'd on fate;
" I know not how they here do harm,
" But always pound them on my farm :"
Here, I'm not sure that you do good,
This sarcasm not understood;
The spruce Le Rouge, his ruffle tugs,
And counts his gain in murder'd * slugs.

CLARA AND DISCRETION.

THO' Clara, pretty, young, and gay,
Would from Discretion sometimes stray
Thro' novelty, 'twas vainly tried,
Her steps from Virtue to divide;
With whom she went 'till in their view,
A region, dangerous, and new:
But know that hearts to virtue warm,
Possess a certain counter-charm,
Which can the power of Vice disarm:
And to the innocent, disclose
The vicious with their train of woes.

---

* Humanus did not carry the matter so far as we think —— Osborn does, questioning our right to destroy insects, that destroy our fruit. Humanus only maintains it to be murder, when life was taken, which no way annoyed us, or death given for no useful purpose.

Clara, from that steep precipice,
Which marks the boundary of Vice;
'Neath clouds whence bleakest winds were howling,
Beheld a sable ocean rolling:
No music breaks thro' bands of flowers,
The snake, his tiger, here devours.
Now, if you for a moral pierce,
'Tis subtlety o'ercomes the fierce;
One instance to suffice for all,
Sampson, thro' Dalilah must fall.
But to our tale; the damsel flew,
And when at home her breath she drew,
Unconscious 'twas thro' Virtue's care,
She breathed not pestilential air;
But hear Discretion; "Simple thing,
"Your fame, and wealth, at least take wing."
"Clara, who did on Virtue *doat*,
"Else had esteem'd Discretion's note;"
Replied, tho' with averted head,
Her cheek the blush indignant spread;
"'Tis with more pleasure I rejoice
"I'm Virtue's, not thro' such a voice,"
As must this wretched world obey,
For ever with my friend I'll stay,
And not forget your hopes were slaves,
'Till Truth, upon my tomb engraves;
"That reputation flown and pelf,
"Clara, lov'd Virtue for herself:"
But here Discretion with a frown
Rejoin'd, "Poor child, yourself must own,

" Despising me as too precise,"
A triumh you afford to Vice:
Clara now number'd in her train,
We grant our votary 'scapes not pain;
For the discreetest maid must lie
Expos'd to Envy's baleful eye
And slander, but a remedy,
Lies in the conscience, that awaits;
With we were never at the gates
Of Folly, who her shelter lends
To Vice, and shuts on Virtue's friends:
Clara no longer could rejoice,
That she had scorn'd that warning voice;
Which, when it is obey'd, secures
From many, a woe, which long endures.

THE WOODBINE AND OTHER FLOWERS.

The Maid's Answer to the Twelfth Fable, by the admired Edward Moore.*

How like an oracle you speak,
My friend, declaring woman weak,
Compar'd with man; you then direct her
To choose out forthwith a protector.

---

* Though she might think herself sufficiently assisted by Dr. Gregory, " I know nothing that renders a woman more despicable, than her thinking it essential to her happiness to be married."

For what tho' pride, and strength of nerve
In youth's heigh day, her turn may serve;
Yet when maturer—But enable
Me some kind muse, to tell my fable.
Near to a parterre we could shew,
Stood many an elm amid this row,
Which mock'd a Brobdignag procession,
A honey-suckle took possession;
From daisies which escaped the plough
Up to where, o'er them arched the bough,
Still clinging to the shelt'ring trunk,
For no soft zephyr thence it shrunk:
And when the rude blast, pierc'd quite thro'
The triple* thorn'd, in peace it grew;
So blest a union caught the sight
Of many a philanthropic wight,
Who knew not which most to admire,
The generous tree, or its attire.
A wish that these might never part,
Romantic wish! deludes the heart.
But we too long have left that bed,
Whence many a beauty sprung, we said:
Let us behold what here is done,
Their speaker turning to the sun,
Began,—" Why must your subjects here,
" Expect the changes of the year;
" Expecting dread? while yonder flower,
" Who cannot boast superior dower,

* Triple thorned Acacia.

" With such high airs attempts to press
" Before us all to happiness."
But here her eloquence to stint,
You guess, each seedling took the hint.
When, " forth the harbinger of spring,
Came frolicking on yellow wing ;"
To human sight a new born fly;
Their genius, in the flower's eye
Him every peeping bud essay'd,
Till loud the murmuring they made;
Because they stood all unprotected,
A prop the prayer; the prayer rejected,
By Moth, because within their stem,
Sufficient strength is found for them,
T' engage the most inclement season.
But man appears, and then bold treason,
To him they make a serious matter,
And beg his aid, for rain may patter.
At length, the wish'd support's applied,
By one firm knot behold it tied
To many a plant it does not suit;
Here, stalks are cramp'd ; there, cleft the root:
And withering tulips who grew faint,
Declar'd, " 'twas from the odious paint."
So much for sunshine, when a storm
Threatens all nature to deform;
" Grant that our friends have been unpleasant,
" The greater aid we hope at present."
The hail nor small, nor thinly scatter'd,
Upon them beat the sticks; thus batter'd,

While every bloom here met decay,
The wood rose to another day:
(Tho' if you should the truth require,
'Twas but a culinary fire,)
Let's see how fares it with the flower
Of silence, in sedition's hour;
She, too, had felt the galling load,
By Boreas, blustering boor, bestow'd.
When meekly bowing her fair head,
She kiss'd the desolated bed;
And thus continued for one night,
In but a miserable plight,
When to such tyranny, a stop
Is put by morn, no fancied prop
To hinder, by degrees she rose,
And still the cheerful lily blows.
But, my friend Moore, suppose we even
Give each a stick that's shap'd by heaven:
Say why; because yon feeble bine,
Must sink if it could not entwine;
Without its tree trod into dust,
Those flowers may not to nature trust,
On whom indulgent, she bestows
Sap that can lift the evening rose*.

THE HEATH.

At length we reach this spacious plain,
Of many a worthless blossom vain,

* The evening primrose which has a stem, when it is kept to one, some inches in circumference.

For here not as in Auburn's vale,
Coy violets bless the gentle gale,
These flaunt with Phœbus and turn pale;
Lost their so much esteem'd perfume,
Here withering found, 'mongst furze and broom.
But, if we of its surface pare
This heath, what shall we meet with there?
The dark, yet persevering mole,
Or odious grub, that to the soul
Of all desir'd vegetation,
Produces certain ruination.
Another sod shall we unfold,
The grillatalpa to behold;
That sphinx revers'd, of frightful jaws,
Tho' almost humaniz'd her paws;
Or harmless worm attack'd by ants,
And should we now examine plants?
Compar'd with the destructive weed,
How little here of wholesome seed;
In fact, enough of mushroom spawn,
We have beneath its finest lawn!
Our world just so decorum'd over,
And this removing, you discover
Much dulness, deep design, and vice,
Mixt with the blindest prejudice;
And yet, my friend, in such a place,
Men fondly wish to leave their race;
Leave, where experience says, one day
It may be prey'd upon, or prey.

THE LARK AND MOLE.

A DAME there liv'd, who lov'd a bird,
At least, believed so, for absurd,
Investigated were this notion,
Self is the object of devotion;
However, thus far we may reckon,
Dearer to her this bird than bacon.
For, tho' 'twas prudence would exhort her
To call in puss, the hint was torture;
Fancy officious, she grew sick,
Or grave at least, and sighed, "Poor Dick!"
Mourn'd the sagacity of mice,
Then made her meal on half a slice:
But now, before you hear our fable,
We beg your leave, as we are able
To talk a little of this dame,
Who, tho' below high flying fame,
Could boast, her ancestry had been
Seiz'd of the Grange house on the green;
Good fortune choosing to retire,
What time the relict of the squire,
Took her a child, whom you suppose
Hereafter to housekeeper rose.
At length, when this good lady died,
Her heir returning from his ride*,

* Round Europe.

Our aged matron held it fit,
At her own fire-side to sit;
Lest, when a modern wife should come,
The hall no longer were a home;
For one, but shy, about made-dishes,
Tho' a shrew'd judge 'mongst fowls and fishes.
Behold her now, in cottage small,
Just one mile distant from the hall:
Of customs tyranny aware,
When seated in her new cane chair,
She don't regret the tent stitch there;
Nor could mahogany provoke
This feeling, while she polish'd oak;
From envy then she is exempted,
No—see a substitute attempted.
The green-house was to her a loss,
Who, on wet days, when things went cross,
Admir'd this mint and t'other balm,
And there would walk till she grew calm.
Within the garden of her cot,
(Some perch beyond the usual lot)
That workshop, lately built by Plane,
For her was suffered to remain.
Here then it was, transparent paper,
And the kind influence of a taper,
Preserv'd those plants, a village *Brown*,
Her daughter's suitor once, had sown,
And ev'ry myrtle now well grown.
A fop might hold the crime was heinous,
His Patty ne'er compar'd to Venus:

What, if we cannot boast the dove,
Is there a red-breast in our grove,
But o'er his crumbs shall sing of love?
And ignorant of such folks as Flaccus,
Tom Trainup never thought of Bacchus.
Yet you may guess he could not fail,
To ruminate on Christmas ale:
While o'er the right side of this shed,
The silver ivy's taught to spread;
The left, our most capricious dame,
With pyracanthas would inflame:
Thus, imitating of another,
Who, one cheek pallid, will the other
(A vulgar error, can you bear it?)
Encrimson with the generous claret.
Our green-house bounding on the park,
Here the good Grannum hung her lark;
For whom, she oft would pick the cherry,
And cry, "Well Dick, you're wond'rous merry."
Mistaken here again, 'tis thus
The matter you may learn from us;
That weightier grief lock'd in his breast,
Which is by ev'ry parent guess'd,
By warbling something, sooth'd the rest.
"Once could these stiffen'd pinions play,
"Along the pure aerial way,
"Till my glad songs call'd up the day!"
Such lamentations for his themes,
Mere folly to a creature seems,

Who, listening from her dreary hole,
You presently conclude a mole;
Who thus began her pithy speech.
" Pray, is there not within your reach
" Great plenty of nice meat and drink?
" You're somewhat whimsical, I think;
" For, having been once in the place
" You so regret, I could not trace
" Such wonders, happier when I found
" Myself again upon the ground."
Our tuneful Dick disdain'd to say,
How came you there; but when his lay
Was o'er, in silence eyed his food,
Relapsing to his graver mood.
But, lest it should be thought by you,
The groveller told a tale untrue;
An urchin, who ne'er read Genlis,
Had with this creature climb'd a tree,
When Fortune tir'd of being cross,
Beneath it wove a bed of moss.
Talp's feelings 'ere she reached the swamp,
Bailiffs may tell who dare the camp *;
Thus shall the man, who has per force
Been hurried out of Nature's course,
To try some intellectual height,
Nought but confusion to his sight;
With him remonstrate, who, if there,
Would feel himself in proper sphere.

* Tossed in a blanket.

POLLARD HORSE CHESTNUT.

THIS chestnut dresses up her head,
The Genius of the orchard said,
T' exclude from my domain the sun,
That Wisdom, who is often won
By hints like these, to acts so dire,
Soon topp'd the chestnut for his fire.
Sylvanus crossing o'er the mead,
Struck with deep horror at the deed,
Implores the passing gale to spoil
All Hodge with this would roast or boil;
And that each robe when hung to air,
Smoke might embrown, tho' once so fair;
Still more, that those who gave the blow,
From this flame ne'er might feel a glow,
And every votary of taste,
Left the disfigur'd grove in haste;
With—" 'Twere much better to cut down,
" Than thus bereave thee of thy crown."
Over the many here, forlorn,
Some yet would shake their plumes in scorn;
But men, anticipate their fate,
As we may your's, ye fools of state,
To eastern kings; or that short life,
Our Harry shall afford his wife,
Who was indeed to him but grass,
On whom the crooked scythe must pass;
Which, when by novelty 'twas set,
Firm hold, that Cruelty would get,

Whose giant arm, and barbarous claw,
Could overcome the British law.

THE WILLOW AND IVY.

TAKE, as just sprouted from a tree,
Which grows not far from Delapre,
A little rhyme and simile:
Tho' not with Twickenham's it vies,
A willow of no common size;
(To blunt your criticisms edge,
It grew on t'other side the hedge,)
Was seen to shake its silver head,
With anger at the golden mead;
From which that ivy sprung, who climbs,
(Tho' to assist there are no limbs);
So far that it disdains to stop,
Till just beneath the willow's top,
Where it with glossy foliage clung,
Yet ill conceal'd its berries hung.
A lively contrast here we see,
Between the creeper and the tree:
Thus, by her deeds so very black,
The fiend betray'd, in her attack
On truth, who all the while 'tis known,
Upon foul malice can look down;
Uninjur'd, were, too great a boast,
Yet is she never wholly lost.
Alack! 'twas from some baby's book,
That we this pretty picture took;

Should history our pencil guide,
Malice, the fairest truth would hide.

THE DIAMOND-HILTED SWORD.

If we the universe could scan,
What so ridiculous as man*?
We with the monkey cannot match him,
So strange his antics, only watch him.
This minute finds him wasting breath,
In digging up a tool for death;
The next sends to another mine,
To make the frightful weapon fine;
And fate refusing foes to send,
The sword is tried upon a friend:
Our subject here we might dismiss,
But for the Muse who tacks on this

FABLE.

One gem who 'midst a ruddy flood,
The miniature of Ætna stood,
And like that from its summit blazing,
To shew forth horror all amazing:
Indignant of a stain so foul,
Thus pour'd the anguish of her soul
Against the iron. "Ah! base thing,
"What but dishonour couldst thou bring."

---

* Says Boileau and many more.

Iron. " 'Twas by my power you left the mine."
Diam. " But thro' my own it is I shine;
" And sure it cannot be disputed,
" That I thro' thee am thus polluted.
Iron. " I but for you with peace were found,
" With peace embroidering the ground;
" For well you know, it was the bulse,
" Which beat to war thro' Rifle's pulse:
" And from thy lustre broke the gleam,
" Which drew from Stygian shores a steam,
" To quench his reason, spoil his rest,
" And plunge my point into his breast.
" But a good genius comes this way,
" Comes thus, to terminate the fray.
" This brilliant shall adorn her brow,
" Who to the share her bread must owe;
" If of thy polish, vain, then go.
" At least to murder go no more,
" But henceforth guard thy native shore;
" Cases enough, shall life afford,
" To fit our diamond-hilted sword;
" Apart, how valuable we find,
" Those but ridiculous when join'd."

PROFUSION AND COVETOUSNESS.

PROFUSION (whom every one allows to be the son of Folly, and parent of Want,) no sooner became possesed of an estate which blind Fortune had bestowed upon him, than he employed Covetousness for his steward; who racked those to whom part

of it was let, and improved the remainder to the utmost. But still finding it impossible to satisfy the demands of Profusion, in order to divert his Lord's chagrin, he leads him through dangerous bye-ways, to one of those mountains, the gold of which mingles with the sand of the river Pactolus. When arrived at its summit, they surveyed not only the glittering rocks at their feet, but on all sides a variety of splendid prospects. Truth presents herself to them, though with an aspect far different from that, with which she accosts her beloved Innocence: and then it was that Profusion first perceived it possible for him to possess the whole world without finding contentment. Despair, who is ever watching the steps of the wretched, rushing forth, hurried him to the next precipice, from which he threw away—his life. From the fate of Profusion, Truth endeavoured; but in vain, to persuade Covetousness to spend one moment in repentance; though she convinced him, that without this sacrifice, he must hereafter give an eternity to misery.

THE AVIARY.

The Ballad Singer and Opera Girl: written in January.

I CANNOT but think, in this strange kind of weather,
When the owl and the blackbird, are both heard together;

Thus, from the stage-boxes they Trilla encore,
While a " hey derry down," passes by the house-door.

TO THE BLACKBIRDS IN THE ORCHARD AT H——STONE.

WHEN first, my solitary hours,
Were spent within these fruitful bow'rs,
That busy fellow call'd a bee,
Collected from the cherry tree;
While blackbirds chanted it away,
For morn, sweet mother of the day,
And in the arms of yews that wait,
On each side of our garden-gate,
The thrushes were so closely pack'd,
Not even trees, the mute, could act:
Thro' curiosity and theft,
Of so much harmony bereft,
Alas! what is it we have left?
" How oft has worthlessness preserv'd,"
We will not add, " from fate deserv'd."
As 'tis not thro' the sparrows' will,
He gives us notes less sweet than shrill.
Once, Phœbus rolling on his way,
Something like this was heard to say:
" This grove a desert to my ear,
" No music yields my road to cheer,
" Tho' every bough can boast of bloom,
" That makes your luxury presume,—

" 'Twere just henceforth our gladsome ray,
" Upon this hill should never play;
" And ruffians, have ye never heard,
" Nature provides for man and bird?"
Would but the whistler of sweet songs,
The monstrous outrages of tongs *,
And all those more successful wrongs.
From childish wantonness forgive,
And with me condescend to live;
This orchard, mine, with care I'd guard,
Tho' boys and cats might think it hard;
Nay, for my friends, to art I'd stoop,
For tho' our trap should be lock'd up,
Ere the arrival of old Nox,
Expos'd before this hedge of box;
(That fair defence) it rests by day,
Thus frightening ev'ry foe away,
To silence, banish'd hence by you,
With pleasure I can bid adieu!
While upon your's there's no attack,
From that most odious thing, a clack;
Nor should you fly these bow'rs, to shun
That horrid instrument, a gun:
No, this we would consign to Mars,
Here Peace should triumph, though deep scars

* Returning from a walk, we saw the servant girl endeavouring to get young ones out of a hollow tree, in the above manner.

Are left on many a ruddy cheek,
And downy from the golden beak:
'Tis but the turnip and the leek,
Or such as those, which ever feel,
Around her chosen paths the steel;
Envy is here forbid to come,
Tho' all around enjoy their plum;
And here, humanity won't start
At rapture o'er a bleeding heart:
But, when the frost-bred Famine stalks,
In glitt'ring pride, how cheaply balks
With crumbs of comfort the dread king,
And gives a fav'rite to the spring.

THE REDBREAST.

How silent sits the sweet redbreast,
'Till weary nature, half undrest,
Shakes the last garland from her head,
While hast'ning to prepare her bed.
And must she now stoop to the sheaf,
Who lately press'd the rose's leaf:
'Tis then, though with a drooping wing,
By gratitude compell'd, will sing
In plaintive notes, the sweet redbreast,
Until the matron goes to rest,
On the beginning of that night,
(Winter at best is but twilight)
At close of which, she walks in white;
Tho' partial to the shewy still,
Fringing her shroud with icicle.

WRITTEN NEAR HIGHGATE PONDS,
To the Swallows in my Chimney.

LIKE me, poor Birds! the world don't know,
From whence you come, or where you go;
Guiltless disturbers of my rest,
In peace may each enjoy its nest;
May none inflict a lingering* death,
To find if you in winter breathe
Our waves, or Araby's† beneath.
Your note, tho' rude, compar'd with others,
Yet a kind act of our good mothers,
Thus to remind me of (sweet race)
Birds which fly far from this vile‡ place.

ON HEARING A BLACKBIRD JUST BEFORE A FALL OF SNOW.
November 28.

SWEET Bird, we entertain a notion,
You once were Socrates, or Phocion;
Where every neighbour is found stooping
To Grief, without a feather drooping:
Seated upon the naked bush,
Which harbours death, with spirits flush;

---

* I have heard of swallows shut up in a room, where they died, to see if they would go beneath a pool formed there.

† Some writers suppose them beneath sands during the winter.

‡ *Vile*, from the outrageous cruelty permitted to be practised there while cats, &c. are there drowning.

How blythely do we hear thee sing,
Creating for one sense a spring.
Winter, your melody to close,
Is rallying his heaviest snows;
Conspiring, my Jettillas fall,
By forces us'd 'gainst Hannibal.
Before that patriot, see relent
While pure, the very element;
To the vindictive Roman's bowl,
Leaving a deed prodigious foul;
Why fancy dost thou rove thus far?
Rambler, forgive the Punic* war.

WROTE IN THE SPRING, ON THE BRITISH YEAR.

'Tis admiration chains my tongue,
Viewing the Year, thus blythe and young;
But when the Frost renews her pain,
In plaintive notes I sing again:

* * * * * * *

Parent of that churl just at hand,
Behold the faded Autumn stand
So stern, and stiffen'd up in straw,
From her Eliza we might draw,
She, who on what were wasted grain,
To fools, supports a numerous train;
When on a sudden chang'd her fruits,
Tempestuous Autumn throws to brutes,

* Dr. Johnson begs Mrs. Thrale to talk of the regatta, or any thing rather than the Punic war.

Those who admire* our climate own;
Now, not the smallest trace is shewn
Of the sweet girl in primrose gown,
Who led young Love to fill our bushes
With Cuckoos, Nightingales, and Thrushes;
Without one ray to dry her tears,
'Tis but a drooping morn appears,
Presenting us with fresh mushrooms,
(To Luxuries praise she thus presumes),
Which calls to mind the arch rogue Puck †,
And proves the year disgrac'd by muck;
Whose fingers, lately tipp'd with roses,
Shew'd that their work was making posies
The daw is here to break our slumber,
And rooks defying us to number;
At noon on yonder sycamore
She sits, whom love-sick souls adore:
And near each stream these hear her say,
" Tho' wretched Damon need not stay,
" We Doves can only *pine* away."
Indeed, what now remains to tell,
But her despair for Columbelle,
Whose blood the tranquil scene prophanes,
I fear too justly she complains

* Charles II. thought that was the best climate, where he could be abroad in the air with pleasure, or at least without trouble and inconvenience, the most days of the year, or the most hours of the day; and this he thought he could be in England, more than in any country he knew of in Europe.—*Temple's Gardens of Epicurus.*

† See page 258.

Of man, who need not look for lead,
When he has got it in his head,
To murder the fast fleeting day,
By mimicking the bird of prey;
Whose only note is, "hear and die,
"All that with me would share the sky."
Of game laws* let such boors be proud†,
Who are by nature just endow'd
To keep the game, but liberal arts
Be still pursued by generous hearts:
Phœbus himself by them outrun,
They for the lamp, exchange the gun;
Except when planted in those fields,
Where it unfading laurel yields.

SHAKSPEARE GALLERY.

When lately matchless Shakspeare faced the court,
The cause of Wit and Virtue to support,
It was my luck to hear a dressy dame,
Where Robin on his mushroom sat, exclaim
"Dear, what a pretty boy upon a muff!"
We could not take her for Sir Joshua's Puff.

---

* Foreigners in a sneering manner frequently take notice, that in England, Gentlemen of property only, are allowed to *butcher* hares, partridges, and pheasants. Alexander's History of Women. Vol. i. p. 545.

† Every conscientious man, though not proud of *them*, will, since he hourly experiences the protection of our excellent laws, cheerfully submit to those on Game.

WINTER.

Now might that hill or vale rejoice,
Whose fav'rite grove resign'd her voice;
Ere beauty from it fell away,
Man in a desert doom'd to stay;
All that is lovely shuns the light,
And waits on such another night,
As reigns where the rude Muscovite,
Gazes on beauty as she flies,
Far from his earth along the skies.
While the bleak wind's relentless edge,
Is tried on the opposing hedge;
Its fruits are scatter'd far and wide,
And tho' we gain our fire-side,
This Eastern Tyrant shall deride;
While there, by him condemn'd to doze,
See the half-open'd volume close:
Awake, my soul! let us begin
To view that dearer world within;
Tho' over all pert Hope would sow,
Reason at last had dragg'd the plough.
'Tis she declares within this ground,
Still many a worthless thing is found;
Those lose no time on Winter's nights,
Who put this home concern to rights;
For, tho' we cannot get a lease,
Our cost upon it must increase.

WRITTEN ON SEEING ——— HEATH

Covered with verdure after a Snow.

Did Phœbus peep or the mild South,
O'er infant violets ope his mouth;

This Winter's lingering sword to sheath?
Or did the West, to clothe your heath,
Invite his well-beloved friend,
The gentle shower to descend?
" Those winds in happier climes might blow,
" But here the East devour'd the snow;"
Awaken'd by a fact that's new,
Swiftly conjecture shall pursue;
Pursue with wide extended jaws,
Yet never overtake the cause.

IN A WINTER NIGHT.

I like to hear the whistling wind,
In concert with the beating show'r;
Hark! 'tis a lock or casement creaks,
All, all is darkness, what's the hour?

I soon shall know 'tis twelve. The chime,
From Minster's mould'ring top, I hear
Its crazy clock tells tales of Time,
As he thus steals away the year.

What, tho' he will pursue his flight,
Nor bribes, nor menaces can stay,
An inward monitor replies,
" But still you need not lose a day."

END OF VOL. I.

J. G. BARNARD,
SKINNER-STREET, LONDON.

FEB 28 1945